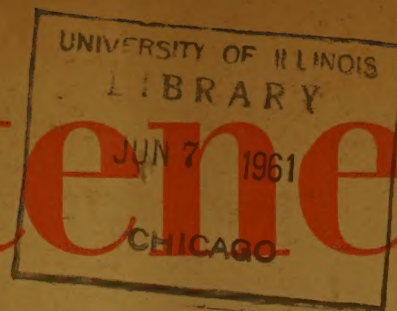


The Listener

and
B.B.C. Television Review



Vol. LXV. No. 1677.

THURSDAY, MAY 18, 1961

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Summer BOOKS

reviewed by

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F. L. Lucas

William Plomer

C. M. Woodhouse

Douglas Parmée

R. Furneaux Jordan

Idris Parry

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Individual Freedom and the Law

By EUGENE V. ROSTOW

IF we look round the world today, we see many actions officially taken by governments which offend our sense of what the law is and what we think it should be. Men are arrested and kept in protective custody, without trial and often without the presentation of charges, on the ground that their political and moral ideas constitute a danger to the state. Newspapers are harried, censored, or suppressed; plays and films are licensed, and the publication of some books forbidden. Men of unorthodox views are dismissed from posts deemed important, because of the fear that they might commit the crime of espionage. Public meetings are forbidden. Some people feel the lash of the law not because they have done something wrong but because their relatives or friends may have committed offences, or are suspected of having done so. Others are punished, or denied access to certain callings or certain forms of education, by reason of their race, their religion, or their political beliefs. The children of bourgeois parents in communist countries and the children of Negroes in parts of the American South suffer disabilities still embodied in law.

These 'illegal' or 'wrongful' acts of law are not novelties in human history. Techniques of tyranny, unfairness, and oppression are as old as society itself. In some countries, many are employed; in others, few. In almost no country are they altogether unknown.

Why do we feel so confident that such acts are wrong? How do we know we hate them? What reasons can we advance to explain our instinctive distaste for them? And then, how can we define the proper limits of state action? Viewed more affirmatively, how can we describe the walls and battlements we think should exist to protect the individual against the state, in assuring him what

one of the greatest of American judges once called 'the right to be let alone—the most comprehensive of rights and the right most valued by civilized men'.

Professor Sir Isaiah Berlin's brilliant inaugural lecture at Oxford two years ago sharply distinguished the two ideas of liberty which have always been rivals among the philosophers—the negative idea of an individual protected from the state in his freedom to pursue his own happiness in his own way; and the affirmative idea of an individual free to do what some higher authority conceives to be good for him. The law has struggled with the clash between these absolutes for centuries; and no system of law, and no political or legal philosophers, have as yet been able to create a working rule of social action based exclusively on the attractive principle of negative freedom. At its most libertarian moments the law has acknowledged the right of the state to impose some limits on the individual's negative freedom—when, for example, his pursuit of private happiness imperilled the peace or the safety of others, or violated some moral canon deemed basic to the life of society. Equally, it has not hesitated to require of the individual certain acts deemed good for him, and for society—as in the cases of compulsory vaccination or schooling or military service. But at many points in its history the law has asserted the individual's right to be let alone—to be protected against unreasonable search, to be assured freedom of conscience, and of speech, and of political action, and a wide zone of choice in affairs deemed private. At the same time, the law has perfected its ideas of procedure, and clarified its notions about what is required of a fair trial.

Millennia of efforts to refine these ideas, in the context of

many societies, and many conflicts, give the literature of law an impressive momentum. Perhaps the most striking tribute I ever witnessed to its authority was a conference at Warsaw in 1958, where a group of communist and Western lawyers discussed the Rule of Law in Eastern Europe—the concept of socialist legality, as the spokesmen of the East called it. The Soviets had started in 1917 by proclaiming as their ideal the goal of justice without law, for they regarded the legal tradition as a device through which the ruling classes of earlier societies had exploited and subjugated the working classes; now, the law in communist Europe has executed a complete about-face. The lawyers, judges, and professors of law who spoke at Warsaw were prisoners of their education in the common literature of Continental law.

In explaining the Rule of Law to which they aspired, they started by distinguishing it from mere order. In any organized community, however tyrannical, they pointed out, the policeman is obeyed. To qualify as the Rule of Law, they said, a legal system must meet certain standards identified as those of humanism, or, if they were being particularly meticulous, as those of socialist humanism. It must provide legal protection for the civil rights of the individual. There should be regular procedures for consulting citizens about policy. In these libertarian times, legal authority can be legitimately derived only from the people's consenting will. The state should be subject to the law, and there must be higher institutions of the law, staffed by independent judges, to correct errors and to co-ordinate the decisions of lower courts, administrators, and administrative bodies, and in this way help to assure all citizens equal treatment before the law.

At the level of abstraction it was not difficult to reach general agreement on this approach to defining the main elements of a civilized legal system. The difficulties arise, in our experience in the United States, when one seeks to apply them to concrete situations. The changing character of society leads to changes in prevailing views as to the limits of privacy. These slow changes in the fabric of the common morality often challenge older laws, which reflect the norms and mores of an earlier day. Equally, they challenge new procedures which may have developed to handle new problems, or problems newly acute. Britain and the United States have recently confronted legal problems of both types. In both countries *Lady Chatterley's Lover* has been found by the courts not to be obscene. And in both countries troublesome issues of fairness have arisen in the wake of the cold war, when men's careers have been broken, and their dismissal from sensitive jobs required, by executive or administrative determinations that they were of dubious loyalty.

American System of Judicial Review

The famous and controversial American system of judicial review, often heatedly attacked as undemocratic but tenaciously defended too by those who view it as a powerful device for protecting the people against their own governments, thus far has survived 170 stormy years, and must be accepted as a formidable part of the larger American constitutional system, although it is not mentioned as such in the written document. The American Constitution is much broader than the written Constitution. It is a body of custom and practice, formed by history, which defines the structure and on-going habits of our public life. Some of it is embodied in the written Constitution. And some parts of the written Constitution may come before the courts as law, when they are deemed directly to touch the interests of public or private litigants. In such instances, the litigant may say that the Constitution, as the act of the people, and the supreme law of the land, supersedes and invalidates a contrary statute passed by a state legislature, or by the national Congress—that is, by legislators holding limited credentials as delegates and representatives of the people with certain declared powers, and no others.

In considering what should be the proper limits of public action against the individuals, certain parts of the written Constitution are of primary importance, for questions of this kind almost invariably arise in the context of law suits in which the individual claims that the state has gone too far, against the prohibition of one clause or another of the written Constitution.

The most fundamental rule of all in protecting the individual against arbitrary state action is the protection of the great Writ of Habeas Corpus. 'The privilege of the Writ of Habeas Corpus',

the Constitution declares, 'shall not be suspended unless when in cases of Rebellion or Invasion the Public Safety may require it'. This clause has been vindicated in dramatic circumstances. In the opening days of the Civil War, there were disorders in Baltimore, and rebel sympathizers attempted to derail trains carrying military supplies to Washington and beyond. Those arrested and charged with the crime were held by the military, for military trial. Chief Justice Taney, over eighty years old at the time, conducted the trial court in Baltimore himself, and ordered a prisoner freed of military arrest, since the ordinary courts were still open and capable of their functions. His view was later sustained by the Supreme Court in another case. The problem arose again in the course of the second world war, and the court's firm stand, after some equivocation, was once more arrested, in holding the regime of military courts instituted in Hawaii after the Pearl Harbour bombardment to be unwarranted and illegal.

Long and Colourful Development

Section 1 of the 14th Amendment makes all persons born or naturalized in the United States citizens of the United States and of the state where they reside. It forbids any state to make or enforce any law which abridges the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States, or deprives any person of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law, or denies to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws. These provisions, which are interpreted to apply to the states many of the rules which had limited the powers of Congress under the Bill of Rights, have gone through a long and colourful development. Case by case, in the common law way, the American judges have had to consider whole categories of problems—whether procedures used before or during criminal trials met acceptable standards of due process of law; whether state statutes can require special loyalty oaths of employees or teachers; whether communists can be expelled from trade unions, by union action or by statute; whether legislative inquiries can be made into the content of lectures at state universities; whether procedural and substantive standards for admission to and expulsion from the bar, or other licensed callings, comply with the requirements of due process of law, or the equal protection of the laws; whether the states have any power whatever, and if so how much, to prohibit the sale of books and pictures or the showing of films deemed obscene in any definable sense.

In two great sequences of cases applying these ideas the Supreme Court has accomplished particularly notable progress. In one, going back over a period of thirty years or more, it has immeasurably raised the standards of police practice, and of criminal procedure, in American state courts. Convictions based on coerced confessions, it has held, do not meet standards of due process of law. And trials are invalidated where the prisoner is detained unduly before his arraignment. Nor can convictions of Negroes be upheld in states where jury panels exclude Negroes. In capital cases, the accused must be represented by counsel. And new facts discovered after the trial, and irregularities in the trial not considered on the first appeal, can be challenged by successive writs of *habeas corpus*.

A Wise and Sound Rule

This cycle of decisions, slowly evolving, lies behind the celebrated *Chessman* case which aroused so much concern, in the United States and elsewhere, a year or so ago. In that case a clever and determined man exploited the wise and sound rule that applications for the writ of *habeas corpus* can never be denied, and thus delayed his execution for many years. But surely it is a merit in a legal system to seek by so many precautions to cure possible errors in its criminal procedure. Only thus can it do justice to the principle that it is better for a dozen guilty men to go free than to convict one innocent man, or to convict a guilty one through unworthy procedures.

The second great cycle of modern cases is the famous one developing the equal protection clause of the Fourteenth Amendment into a powerful weapon for the achievement of Negro rights. Here the court has struck down one form after another of state action designed to deny Negroes the rights enjoyed by other citizens and other persons. The courts, now increasingly supported

by state and national legislation, are seeking to protect the Negro in his right to vote, to travel without humiliating discrimination, to live in neighbourhoods of his choice, and, above all, to have equal opportunities in education and in employment. This trend in our law is part of an immense process of social change, and social action. It has been accompanied by outbursts of frantic protest, and of sporadic resistance. Slowly but inexorably, however, the silent power of the law is being vindicated.

These massive developments constitute the background in terms of which our courts seek to resolve many other issues dealing with the permissible boundaries of legal action. The courts move in a common law way, instance by instance, probing, often wavering, as they seek to articulate principles which could explain their decisions. As in any growing parts of the law, this process leads to paradox. It has been held, for example, that under the Fourteenth Amendment the state courts cannot lend their support to a policy of racial discrimination by enforcing a covenant in a deed, which forbids the sale of real property to a Negro. Thus far, at least, however, a man may still provide in his will that a bequest to his son be revoked if the son marries outside the family faith.

If we had to review these cases, one by one, and group by group, two impressions, I think, would emerge very strongly. The first is the truth of Jellinek's remark, recently quoted by Professor Freund, that 'to recognize the true boundaries between the individual and the community is the highest problem that thoughtful consideration of human society has to solve'. The second follows from the first: it is that the law of a society can make no greater contribution to its health and strength than by declaring as large an area as circumstances may permit within which the individual should be left alone, and then protecting that zone of freedom tenaciously against public incursions. No legal system can erect an unbreachable wall between the individual and the public interest, valid at all times, and under all circumstances. The

right of young bloods to dress up in uniforms and play at being fascists, for example, may seem harmless folly in times of general peace, to be tolerated as part of the price we pay for political liberty. When clouds gather, however, as they did in the nineteen-thirties, are we to say that the state can take no action against such threats?

The American courts in recent years have moved strongly, if erratically, in the direction of enlarging the area of the individual's negative freedom, that is, his freedom from state control. They have done this in response to their own principles, which have gained momentum as they developed and spread. They have acted also in response to the threatening pressures of the external world. In a generation which has known the worst tyrannies of many centuries, and rightly fears the conformity and anonymity of modern mass society, the American judges have vigorously protested. They resisted and qualified some of the worst excesses in our quest for security against communist fifth columns, although they have been unable as yet to bring that whole effort within the full control of the law. They have improved the procedure of legislative committees and administrative bodies, as well as that of criminal courts, in the effort to mark another vital boundary against arbitrary state action. They have denied the state practically all discretion to refuse a citizen his passport, thus freeing him to travel without the permission of his government. And in the area of freedom of speech, notable advances have been achieved, as one form of censorship and restraint after another has been swept away.

Much remains to be done; and much will be re-done, as judgments are reviewed and rewritten in the light of the facts of new cases. The judges are not all agreed, by any means, as their vigorous dissents attest. But the American law of civil rights is very much alive. It is growing from year to year, reaching out for new ground, as the opinions of the courts are discussed and debated, and public opinion formed.

—From a talk in the Third Programme

The Difficult Transition in Africa

The Effort for Racial Integration

By DERRICK SINGTON

MY first moments in Salisbury, the Southern Rhodesian capital, with its glass 'shoe-box' skyscrapers flooded in sunshine, its wide streets green with acacias and flame-trees, exhilarated me. My second reaction was to detect an oddity. I realized that one could see right through this gleaming, immaculate town. The endless shack-suburbs and packed markets that characterize the cities of Asia were missing. The reason is that the majority of this population, the Africans, are set apart in townships several miles away. In daytime, many Africans work in the town—and shop there too. But in the evening the streets are almost deserted; the Europeans, privileged to live in Salisbury, are too few to create any sense of a capital with a night-life. A whole jungle of laws, originating in the lonely, defensive isolation of the first trekkers, has been erected to preserve the apartness, the mysterious remoteness, of Europeans in Southern Rhodesia.

Such laws were understandable, in the early days, among a handful of European pioneers surrounded by hostile tribesmen; but today they have come to symbolize in African eyes the



General view of Salisbury, capital of Southern Rhodesia



A family in front of their kraal in a native reserve in Southern Rhodesia

J. Allan Cash

lower status of Africans, their permanent exclusion from the white citadels of affluence and power.

Some of the segregation laws have worked both ways. The Land Apportionment Act, by reserving large areas to Africans, has protected them from European settlement which could otherwise have encroached on to the precious lands of African peasants. Today, however, the Africans are overcrowded in their land reserves and now the Land Apportionment Act, as well as the other segregatory legislation, is being gradually revised or removed by the Whitehead government in Southern Rhodesia. It is a slow process, and much of the endeavour is being resisted by a white citizenry which clings as hard to white exclusiveness as did Americans to alcohol when Prohibition was tried. Hotels in Southern Rhodesia, for example, can now apply for licences to become multi-racial; but I heard that the Salisbury hotel I stayed in has lost money since it became 'multi-racial'. Up-country hotels admitting Africans have been boycotted by their European customers, who inevitably, for economic reasons, form the backbone of the clientèle. Only one night-club in Salisbury has so far become multi-racial. The owner caters for low-income customers and so far, though he has attracted many African teen-age jivers, apparently only a few middle-aged Europeans of liberal views frequent his joint—as spectators.

Yet the process of destroying the inter-racial barriers is definitely under way in Southern Rhodesia. Its ultimate complete success must depend on the growth of new habits and on re-education. European men and women ready to undertake the latter are not lacking. A 'Courtesy to Africans' campaign has been launched in Salisbury. To end some of the deep-rooted near-apartheid requires social, not legislative, action. Numerous private clubs have become multi-racial. Many cinemas have ceased to exclude Africans; so have repertory theatres and sporting organizations. For example, the South Rhodesian soccer eleven to play Leicester City next week includes an African footballer as centre half. Economic development, too, is on the side of racial integration. When Africans have the money to become good customers, the shopkeepers, and eventually the hoteliers, can ill afford to exclude them. Nevertheless, the old mentality of 'inherent white superiority' will not die easily in Southern Rhodesia. Areas of habitation are still racially separated, though the government is now contemplating the creation of zones of residence open to all races. The important thing, however, is that the decision has been taken to tread the difficult new path in Southern Rhodesia and to strive seriously for a revolution in race relations.

One of the first Europeans I met in Northern Rhodesia told me, with pride, that there had been no 'nibbling' at racial discrimination in 'his territory'. An Ordinance had simply been passed prohibiting all discrimination in places of entertainment. One

limitation remains. Under the Liquor Laws, North Rhodesian hotels must still not serve an African with spirits unless he has a special certificate; but this rule is widely ignored, as I found when I took an African friend into a leading Lusaka hotel. When the anti-discrimination Ordinance was first passed in Northern Rhodesia there was, I learned, resistance in one of the Copperbelt towns by Europeans who violently molested Africans as they were entering a newly 'desegregated' restaurant. But the police were quick to arrest the offending whites—and this clearly made an excellent impression on African opinion. Indeed one of the leading Nationalists of the United Independence Party, Mr. Sipalo, sometimes rated an extremist, told me he considered the North Rhodesian police-force to be a 'good, well-conducted' body of men.

In Northern Rhodesia there is little or no feeling about land apportionment, as there is in the South, because the overwhelming majority of the land is Crown land or reserved to Africans. Of course, whatever the new laws may decree, an amount of undesirable colour prejudice will linger for a long time among some Europeans in Northern Rhodesia. And you cannot force people to mingle, and associate, in a positive way, if they do not want to. On the African side, there is likely to be hyper-sensitiveness about all this for years to come. But it seems to me that in Northern Rhodesia the government, with considerable co-operation from the European community, has acted determinedly to remove state support from racial discrimination. The pattern of reform appeared very much the same in Kenya as in Northern Rhodesia. Some of the positive moves have been the ending, by the Nairobi City Council, of areas of racial segregation on its housing estates, and the opening of all hotels and places of entertainment in Nairobi to every race.

Significantly, it is in the sphere of education—which involves close social contact in a vital activity—that, throughout Central and East Africa, one met the deepest European misgivings about racial integration. In Central Africa the University College at Salisbury—where African, Asian, and European students live and study together—is a courageous initiative in non-racial higher education. But so far integration has not been attempted at all in the schools of the Rhodesias. In Tanganyika, however, complete racial integration at both primary and secondary school level is now government policy, though for four years there will be priority of entry in primary schools for the races for which the schools were originally intended. At the European secondary school at Iringa, Tanganyika, twenty-one African and twenty Asian children have already been admitted. And I visited a Tanganyika



Students of the Royal Technical College, Nairobi, Kenya, talking to Dr. Jha, Director of the Commonwealth Education Liaison Unit

European primary school which has made a beginning by taking two Indian children. In Kenya the pattern of educational change is similar, but confined so far to secondary schools. Two of these have taken in a small number of carefully selected African and Asian pupils. Although certain European parents in Tanganyika and Kenya object to school integration out of obvious prejudice, others express misgivings over what they consider the 'lower standards' of African children as regards mental capacity and because of their 'tribal upbringing'. Certainly most African children do start school later than Europeans; and home influences are very different. But one feels that most European objections will vanish once racial mixing in the schools of East Africa has become a habit.

Looking at the whole effort for racial integration in this part

of Africa, one feels encouraged. A British television producer was recently able to show, side by side, a film of the Little Rock disturbances and another of a Kenya European high school as the first African children entered it calmly and peacefully. Certainly there is a large task still ahead in eliminating all the racial discrimination in Central and East Africa. Governments have, however, made a good start. It has been easier for them in the countries with small European minorities, such as Tanganyika, than in, for example, Southern Rhodesia with its 200,000-strong white community. But governments can only set an example. They cannot change men's thoughts and feelings by passing laws. It is now for individual leaders and social educators to do the longer, harder job of eliminating prejudice, itself, and creating positive inter-racial attitudes and warm relationships.

—European Services

Kenya's New Government

By DOUGLAS WILLIS, B.B.C. East Africa correspondent

THE situation in the Kenyan Legislature is a strange one, to say the least. The minority African party, the Democratic Union, led by Mr. Ronald Ngala, has helped form the Government. The National Union, led by Mr. James Gichuru, assisted—or master-minded (nobody is quite sure

which applies)—by Mr. Tom Mboya and Mr. Oginga Odinga, gained more than two-thirds of the African vote at the elections but has refused to co-operate in government and has gone into opposition. The National Union claims some twenty elected members, while the Democratic Union can claim only fourteen; but with realignments from other groups, and with the Governor having nominated ten additional members who are bound to support the Government, the Government will have enough support to give it a majority in the Legislature.

This is not the way the Constitution would have had it: the aim was for an African elected majority on the government benches, but this has been defeated by the National Union's refusal to have anything to do with the Government unless Jomo Kenyatta were released immediately from restriction. This the Governor has refused to do until the new Government should be seen to be working successfully. The Kenyatta issue is likely to be raised almost at once by the Opposition, but the present indications are that the Government, whose African Ministers are also determined that Kenyatta should be freed, will be able to avoid a direct showdown on the grounds that Kenyatta will be moved to his new home near Nairobi before too long. A strongly rumoured date is July 31.

The new Government's other main problems are, according to the Governor, tenfold. They include the economic situation, with its heavy unemployment; the flight of capital and the stagnation of investment; the hunger of the African for more land, particu-

larly that now in the possession of Europeans. The minority races, mainly the Europeans and the Asians, fear for their future. The European farmers are well aware that Jomo Kenyatta has described land titles as 'scraps of paper', and they are even more aware at the moment of what they consider to be a resurgence of African violence,

which was brought into stark reality when a European farmer's wife, Mrs. Norah Osborne, was bludgeoned to death in her home eight days ago. African yeoman farmers are also disturbed because they, too, are in possession of land titles handed them by a European Government.

The new Government will also concentrate on the problem of education and on the defence of Kenya, both within the country and its ability to defend itself from any external attack. This will bring up the question of the British bases here, which are not wanted by the National Union, even though the bases and the men involved are a great help to the economy of the country. There will be debate on Kenya's future role in East African affairs, on its

relationship with a possible Common Market, or with an East African federation which, if it came to pass, would undoubtedly be dominated by its architect, Mr. Julius Nyerere of Tanganyika. If the New Government works well, the Governor will talk with his Ministers on the next stages towards independence, and first among these could be the move to Chief Minister, perhaps by the end of the year. But before then the new Legislature is likely to be the scene of stormy debates.

The Governor has deplored such probable activity in advance. The session, however long it lasts, will produce either an African political anarchy or, as most thinking people hope, an African unity which could lead to a Kenya in which, in the Governor's words, 'there would be neither domination nor tyranny over the others by any race or tribe'.

—'From Our Own Correspondent' (Home Service)



Some members of the Kenya African Democratic Union (Kadu), the party which is represented in the new Kenya Government. The Legislative Council was opened by Sir Patrick Renison, the Governor, on May 11. The group, photographed outside the Council building in Nairobi, includes Mr. J. Keen, General Secretary of Kadu (left), Mr. M. Muliro, Deputy-Leader (centre, in robe), and Mr. D. T. Arap Moi, Executive Chairman (second from right)

The Listener

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Facts by Thousands

BOOKS on the American Civil War, the complete Ronald Firbank, a life of Richard II, new poems by Robert Graves, volumes about the Alps and Japan—the variety of new books reviewed today in our Summer Book Number seems as wide as usual. The only exception would appear to be novels, omitted because in the words of our reviewer, Mr. Burns Singer, ‘the standard of novel writing, or publishing, seems to have reached an all-time low’ in the last two weeks. This situation may be fortuitous, but publishers today are apparently concentrating less than they used on the production of significant creative writing. Last January Edmund Penning-Rowsell drew attention in *The Observer* to the fact that apart from paper-backs the emphasis was now moving steadily towards the factual and useful. ‘People and institutions’, he said, ‘want information for themselves or for instructing others’. Hence the increasing proportion among all books printed nowadays of the practical guide or the teach-yourself text-book.

Here again is evidence of the rising standards of education through all classes in society. Standard histories and editions of the classical authors in any literature sell much quicker than they did before the war. The public is not now satisfied with the kind of wispy, evanescent biography of a public figure, past or present, that was so popular in the nineteen-twenties; and it is less willing nowadays to spend large sums of money on illustrated books about painting or the other fine arts where these are merely picture-books, produced with no accompanying scholarly assessment of the artists concerned. Here—as with biography—a more solid book is demanded. But education has also led to a general desire for information on many rather unexpected subjects. Wives are no longer so content to cook just as their mothers did; husbands no longer so satisfied with merely employing a firm to decorate or carry out repairs. Hence the number of shelves in all bookshops today that display an endless variety of hand-books—on cookery, carpentry, mending, gardening and similar subjects.

New books today seem more than ever to be given over to the purveying of factual information. Where such information is being made available for the first time, or made accessible to the widest public in a popular form, the gain is considerable. And this is particularly true in the Commonwealth and elsewhere abroad, where the demand for educational books forms an even larger proportion of the total demand for books written in English than it does at home. But just as too much information clogs the mind unless it is threaded together by a system of ideas, so too many informational books may clog the market of ideas. It is to be hoped that publishers will not neglect to put some of their energies during the next few years into distributing the more thoughtful and thought-promoting writers of our time. Much has been said this week at Bournemouth at the annual booksellers’ conference about the prosperity of the paper-back market. It is to be welcomed that many publishers have recently been putting money into ‘paper-backs for eggheads’, and that the titles recently chosen for this purpose have included works by such authors as Bertrand Russell, Edmund Wilson, and Thomas Mann, whose writings can continue to stimulate thought while other paper-back volumes go on providing information.

What They Are Saying

Aims in Africa

THE MONROVIA CONFERENCE of twenty African states attracted less attention than might have been expected. Cairo naturally played it down as of less importance than the earlier Casablanca conference of five countries (the United Arab Republic, Ghana, Guinea, Mali, and Morocco) which, it claimed, had been the cynosure of African interest and had marked the opening of a new age. Brazzaville radio said that the first communiqué of the Monrovia conference was both a warning and an appeal to the so-called ‘Casablanca’ Powers. Its insistence that no African country should allow itself to serve as a base for dissident elements in another applied particularly to Morocco’s relations with Mauritania and Ghana’s with Togo. This was a principle that would also have to be respected in settling differences between Nigeria and Cameroon and between the Somali Republic and Ethiopia.

The Albanian Telegraph Agency carried a long denunciation of President Tito’s recent tour of Africa. Tito—according to the Albanian source—had said nothing in Africa about the ‘undeniable truth’ that colonialists do not give up their colonies voluntarily. On the contrary, he had implied that ‘any war in the colonies or former colonies might develop into a world conflagration’. The Albanian commentator accused Tito of attempting to create a third bloc, and asked:

Why should the neutral countries of Africa and Asia distrust friendship with the socialist countries, which so far has done them no harm, and ‘organize themselves on their own’, as Tito advises?

Warsaw radio quoted a Polish newspaper’s forecast about the forthcoming talks at Evian between General de Gaulle and the Algerian rebels. It said that, as the French Government was going to negotiate ‘about a country over which it exercised no strong authority’, it might be ‘inclined to make concessions’. The attitude of the majority of the French people at the time of the generals’ revolt was thought to be significant.

There was a good deal of Soviet comment on the meeting of Nato Foreign Ministers. Moscow home service described the Oslo communiqué as a ‘completely false document’, designed to convince the world that Nato is ‘a peaceful alliance, something in the nature of a society of pigeon fanciers or collectors of match-box tops’; in fact, this was merely ‘camouflage’ for ‘aggressive plans’. *Pravda’s* correspondent considered Dean Rusk’s main purpose was to make it clear that the new American Administration was not seriously interested in disarmament. A Moscow broadcast for Africa reported that Lord Home had openly offered Portugal British assistance in the struggle against the liberation movement in Angola. An anonymous Moscow commentary for south-east Asia declared:

By threatening the security of the Soviet Union and other countries which are outside this military bloc, Nato at the same time places all its participants in a highly dangerous situation. The point is that the balance of forces has changed not in favour of the West but in favour of the socialist countries and the peace-loving peoples.

The following day Mr. Khrushchev made a speech in Tiflis. He said that, though President Kennedy and he were ‘poles apart’, they lived on the same earth:

In practice (taking the existing situation as it is, I mean) we have to coexist on our planet and consequently we have to find a common language in certain matters . . . I repeat that we do not need war, for our ideals prevail. . . . War only harms our Marxist-Leninist ideals.

A Moscow home service talk tried to explain the Wedgwood Benn—Lord Stansgate case:

What is the difficulty? Is there such a shortage of lords in Britain that Her Majesty’s Government cannot manage without Anthony Benn? No, what British ruling circles need is not just a lord, but a Labour lord to add to that small handful of Labour peers who give the appearance of an Opposition and democracy in the British upper house.

—Based on information collected by the B.B.C. Monitoring Service
STANLEY MAYES

Did You Hear That?

THE 'SILVER JUBILEE' TRAIN

IN 1935 HARRY WEBSTER was a locomotive superintendent at King's Cross, when the 'Silver Jubilee' first ran on September 30. Speaking about it in 'On Railways' (Network Three) Mr. Webster said: 'This was only three days after a test run in which seventy miles had been covered at an average speed of 91.8 miles an hour, with two peaks of over 112. Brilliant publicity work, of course, but then I found that we on the job were going to be responsible for the regular running of that train, not just the 100 miles to Grantham on a pleasant autumn afternoon but through the 268 miles to Newcastle, averaging more than 67 m.p.h., which meant long stretches at 90 through fog, snow and ice, in bright daylight and on the darkest nights!'

'I imagined myself lifting my telephone receiver. "Doncaster speaking: engine of up Jubilee coming off at Retford, hot big end"... "Durham speaking: down Jubilee losing time, joint blowing in smokebox"... "Headquarters speaking: I am advised the 'Jubilee' was nine minutes late through York. Is that so? Well why, Webster, why?"'

'Yet none of us would have had it otherwise. In the United States, Ralph Budd, President of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Road, had at that time just got in front with the world's first diesel electric train, the "Pioneer Zephyr", streamlined unit scheduled at 100 m.p.h.; and at home the Great Western was not far behind with its splendid "Cheltenham Flyer". Both were running, we were only starting. Yet we entered the contest with enthusiasm and discussed where our difficulties would most likely arise. Arrangements were made for setting aside regular supplies of good, hard coal, for periodically clearing the tender of small stuff and dust and for cleaning down the tubeplate. Then we passed on to where we all knew the real risk of failure lay, in overheated bearings.

'There must be adequate supplies of oil everywhere. The axle-box lubricators then fitted to the A.4 held eight pints, with the setting of two-fifths full feed on each plunger at three teeth on the driving ratchet. We increased this to half feed at four teeth

which we soon worked out would have emptied the container before the train reached Darlington. Clearly we should need twelve pint lubricators and we wired Doncaster. The entire works there were on their toes to help us in this venture and the lubricators arrived on the next train.

'We felt that we had now provided adequately for bearings



The 'Silver Jubilee' train near York

E. R. Wethersett

under vertical load but rotating bearings presented a much more difficult problem. What we did not know was the critical speed at which no lubrication at all would reach them. But we met this possibility in a way that astonished the enginemen. They were instructed to observe every speed restriction between King's Cross and Newcastle; the prayer being that such reductions in speed, occurring at fairly even intervals throughout the run, would give the lubricating system a chance to function.

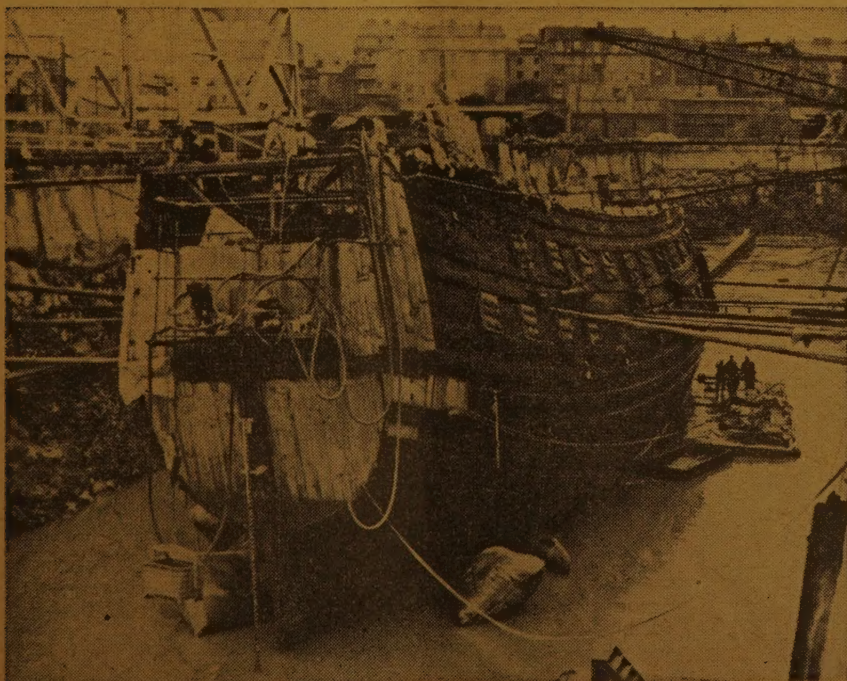
'Whether it was the result of all this preparation, or just luck, within ten days the "Silver Jubilee" was running with the precision of a Swiss chronometer, and in a fortnight it had become just another of our crack expresses'.

SALVAGING THE 'WASA'

SYDNEY COULSON spoke recently in 'The Eye-witness' (Home Service) about the 'Wasa', the newly equipped, wooden warship which, 333 years ago, sank in a squall in Stockholm harbour; and which has now been brought back to the light of day.

'When I was at the scene of operations', he said, 'the hull had been raised to a point where the upper deck was about fifteen feet above the surface. I went aboard one of the pontoons and stood amidst a mass of wires and suction pipes, to look down into the hull of the oldest fully identified ship in the world. I could easily make out much of the upper deck, although the stern section was still covered by a thick layer of grey muddy slime. All around there was a busy scene of marine archaeologists and salvage experts swarming over the hull, carefully examining every little part of it.

'Ashore, crowds of Stockholmers had climbed on to the rocks, eagerly trying to catch a glimpse of the once-mighty, sixty-four-gun warship that suddenly capsized and sank just after setting off on her maiden voyage in 1628. She might still have been lying on a mud shelf 110 feet down in Stockholm harbour if it had not been for the painstaking research of an amateur marine archaeologist, Anders Franzen. After studying the records of the fate of the "Wasa", he started a search of the area in 1954,



A photograph taken last week of the seventeenth-century Swedish warship 'Wasa' now in dry dock after being raised from the bed of Stockholm harbour

convinced that the wreck could be traced. Two years later he brought up some pieces of black oak, and this helped to persuade the Swedish naval diving school to look for the wreck as part of their training. They soon discovered it and reported that her timbers seemed to be remarkably well preserved.

Shortly afterwards, a specially appointed "Wasa" Board recommended that salvage attempts should be made, and work was started almost immediately. Many Stockholmers, as they clamber over the rocks to look at the hull of the "Wasa" lying close inshore and surrounded by tugs and pontoons, must be wondering if the salvage project will also reveal the secret of just exactly what went wrong that disastrous day in August 333 years ago.

BAIRNS' WORT

'I thought making daisy-chains a childhood occupation that went out with whip-tops and knitting-dollies', said HARRY SOAN in 'Today' (Home Service). 'And then recently, in a country lane, I came on a bunch of children literally festooned with them. One had a dense crown on her head, several had them round their necks and reaching down to their tummies, another had them hanging from her ears, and the one boy in the party, as became his sex, had curled his top lip and was holding a chain there like a bull with a ring in its nose. Coming on me suddenly, the boy uncurled his lip and pretended that the falling chain was nothing to do with him; while the girls, with natural presence of mind, stiffened their gait and swept past me, carrying their chains as peeresses their jewels before the gaze of the vulgar. A step or two beyond me they collapsed into laughter.'

That incident probably constituted in the life of those daisies what could be called "their finest hour".

For the most part there can hardly be a plant in creation more downtrodden, more despised, than the common daisy. They are frankly unwanted on suburban lawns and where they abound in country pastures the farmer says "'tis time to put the plough into this old sward". The only folk who seem to appreciate them are poets; cowmen, who usually have a Buttercup in the herd and like a Daisy to go with it; cricketers, who find a daisy-cutter a handy term for a low ball (though the term is probably older and was applied to a horse given to dragging its feet and prone to throw its rider); and, of course, children—I am told that in Yorkshire the daisy is called bairns' wort, a flower beloved by children.

It used to be thought that if a child being nursed touched a daisy its growth would be stunted; or if daisies were fed to puppies in their milk the same thing would result. But there is a happier side to daisy-lore. A girl wanting to find out when she will be married should go out into a pasture, shut her eyes, pull a handful of herbage and then count the daisies in it—one for every year. The juice of the leaves and

root of the plant have been considered a cure for rheumatism and gout, and sniffed up through the nose it has been reckoned to ease migraine and clear the head.

THE LADY'S MAID

'An odd mixture of people lived in our village', said JOAN TATE in 'The Northcountryman' (North of England Home Service). 'There were three distinct groups of people: the village, the fishermen, and the gentry. Not layers, please note, for the true east-coast Northumbrian recognizes no layers in society. Thus, Mrs. Cholmondly-Broadstairs and the Tattershalls lived within the same squashed square mile as the Geggies, the Gibbises, the Strachans, and the Machies, and were forced to get on with each other, willy-nilly. Mrs. Cholmondly-Broadstairs filled us with awe: tall, very old, poker-faced, heavily made-up, dressed in twin-sets, pearls, and heavy brogues. She had travelled all over the world and had never been without a lady's maid. Lady's maids and our village just did not fit.'

The Strachans and the Machies were fishing families. Mrs. Machie had six beautiful daughters and the Strachans had five huge Viking-like sons. Mrs. Machie had once been beautiful, too, but child-bearing, love of food, bottles of stout, and sheer good nature had ruined her figure. Now, when she laughed, which was often, she shook like a mountainous colourful jelly, her red curls a tangled bobbing mass round her head. She enchanted us. Her Northumbrian was so broad that we could scarcely understand what she said, but the gist of it usually got through. Her daughters married the Strachan boys and they all had lots of beautiful Viking children with red hair.

Imagine our surprise when Mrs. Cholmondly-Broadstairs announced that she had at last got a lady's maid. This was said without a flicker of an eyelid, her stony glare through the lorgnette only lighting up for a second. When she finally revealed that her newly appointed lady's maid was none other than Mrs. Machie, our manners deserted us completely. The idea of Mrs. Cholmondly-Broadstairs and glorious, fat, sloppy, old Mrs. Machie in the same house was enough to make anyone giggle. However, this arrangement survived for several years until the old lady died. Mrs. Machie never altered her ways one jot. She remained as untidy, sloppy, and happy-go-lucky as ever. She

helped Mrs. Cholmondly-Broadstairs to dress and generally looked after her as well as her own family. If her employer was in the way she would tell her to move over, as if to a fractious cow, or perhaps she would wash an expensive pure silk dress in the wash-tub in her back-yard, and then they would commiserate together over the ruin. Slap-happy meals, mostly fish, kept the old lady alive, and she never grumbled. Her clothes were singed, her vases broken, her washing was lost in north-easterly gales, but she said not a word. When she died it could happily be said, with truth, that she had never been without a lady's maid.



'When daisies pied . . . do paint the meadows with delight'



Sidney Nolan: Australian Painter

By QUENTIN BELL

AN exhibition of the work of Sidney Nolan, the largest yet to be seen in this country, opened on May 17 at the Graves Art Gallery, Sheffield, and remains there till June 4.*

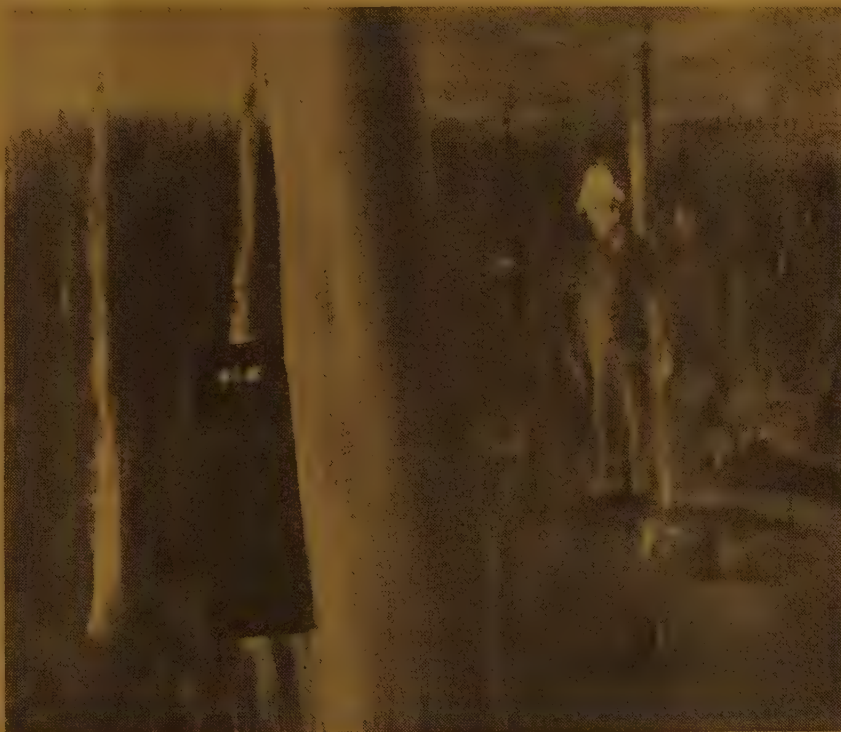
Sidney Nolan, as everyone knows, is an Australian. One must allude to this, for whereas one may disregard the nationality of a painter such as Graham Bell or Frances Hodgkins, Nolan insists upon his nationality. Australia is for him an important, an inescapable fact, a source of pride and of concern, a curse, a challenge, and a stimulus. But we must beware of regarding him as some altogether strange kind of being, a marsupial among painters, and we must remember that although Australia is a long way off, it can no more escape the painting of our continent than it can escape our fauna. The young artist in Melbourne or Sydney must begin by confronting the fashions of Paris, or at least this was his predicament when Nolan was a student; today he must, presumably, encounter American art. And so we find among his earliest works competent but not particularly exciting abstracts, while Picasso, Leger, and, I suspect, Francis Bacon, influenced and, I fancy, continue to influence him.

As a nationalist, his problem has been to find some means, given the peculiar limitations he has inherited, of creating the kind of art that would express a national emotion. Clearly the Ecole de Paris could not do this; it had therefore not only to be accepted but to be fought. Nolan is equipped for the struggle with considerable gifts. He can, though he does not always, control tones and organize space. He also has a gift of drawing which may, on occasion, manifest itself with almost pretty delicacy, as in his portrait of Mrs. Kelly or in some rather early sketches which have a seductive charm reminiscent, almost, of the work of his compatriot Charles Conder. Such weapons are, of course, double-edged and Nolan is well aware of their dangers; he is shy of his own power of pleasing. He accepts—I think it would be fair to say he positively seeks—a callow awkwardness of statement, a downright cultivation of unpainterly qualities, which might seem to indicate—but I am sure does not really represent—a primitive, untutored directness of expression. This is, I think, one of those defence-mechanisms which all modern painters tend to construct against the dangers of too much elegance. The use of such contrivances can lead to something like affectation, but there is no question that Nolan has used his gifts to good purpose; so much so that he convinces us, including those of us who have never seen it, that he has captured something essential in his native landscape, that the hot, harsh Australian outback contains those angry red, desolate, parched trees, those hot earth colours, every blue qualified with yellow, those disorderly areas without

shade or repose, thirsty, strange and hostile, that he paints.

This, I say, is how we believe it must be, and in producing a definitely antipodean flavour, the sense of something quite strange and new and rather terrifying in the way of landscape, Nolan has achieved a great deal. We get the further sense that he is looking not only into a region that is for us unfamiliar, but into a time that is relatively distant. There is in his work something derived perhaps from old prints, from heaven knows what lodging-house oleographs or bar-parlour primitives—a technique which suggests

not only the harsh asperities and exotic peculiarities of the bush, but also the cheap, thin-spread and yet strangely enchanting crudities of an Australia that has vanished, the Australia of the gold fields and the camels. Into this arresting landscape he introduces nineteenth-century heroes, the explorers and the convicts, and above all, Ned Kelly the outlaw, Ned Kelly with his iron mask: a felicitous property this, for the menacing rigidity of that iron visor provides just the schema that a painter needs to tell his story with the minimum of anecdotic invention. In paintings like 'Kelly and Sergeant Kennedy' and 'Kelly in the bush' he produces works which have a solid, highly organized air and are both good literature



'Kelly and Sergeant Kennedy' (1946), by Sidney Nolan

and good painting. We find the same quality in his pictures of big, shabby, wooden towns standing forlorn in arid brown plains.

For a painter such as Nolan, an excursion into the old world must be dangerous, especially when the painter is successful, as he has been. The artist is lifted, like Antaeus, from the harsh but nourishing earth whence he drew his strength; he meets the old masters in the galleries, the new masters in their studios and, most dangerous of all, the dealers in their shops. Nolan has not escaped unscathed from this perilous encounter. He has enlarged his palette, abandoning the sagacious modesty of his earlier work and throwing in colours which he has not always the art to control. He has also attempted to work on a scale that does not seem to me to suit him at all, pursuing another myth, the myth of Leda, in a series of dashing quasi-baroque compositions which, if not empty, are certainly not replete. There is much in this recent work that is ingenious, plausible, and attractive, but these qualities are insufficient ends for such a painter, while clever techniques like the making of sharp silhouettes by putting fresh paint over old, although they may produce interesting results, seem to me unworthy of his talents.

Fortunately there is a large body of work distributed over a considerable area of time, but much of it quite recent, which points to another and more welcome development. I am thinking here of the small studies of Leda and the swan and, above all, of 'The Convict and Mrs. Fraser', which are painted with great *brio*, but also with a delicacy of invention which one does not find

* It will go on to Leeds, Hull, Bristol, Liverpool, Edinburgh and Wakefield. It has already been shown in the Hatton Gallery in Newcastle

in the larger works. Here too Nolan is exploiting his talent for creating atmosphere, both in a physical and psychological sense. He is not afraid to produce figures of almost Mannerist elegance, and the result is often extremely poetical. It seems to me possible

that in these small works Nolan is showing his ability to come to terms with the old world, to assimilate his knowledge and to use what he has learnt on this side of the globe for a further and still more interesting adventure in figurative painting.

Painting of the Month

Sickert's 'Portrait of Israel Zangwill'

By MICHAEL AYRTON

THERE is hardly any paint. No scaffolding. No groans. No cutting of himself with a knife. But on to the canvas the artist has applied a living being, with nothing, with a breath . . . That is Sickert writing about Manet; but one could say the same of Sickert at his best, and the portrait of Israel Zangwill is Sickert at his best.

The point is that if you paint like Sickert, there should not be much paint—although what there is must be rich: there should be a minimum of *apparent* labour—no scaffolding—and above all no groans, no agonized correction and recorection. The paint must be put on in the right place—once—and not 'mauled', as he used to call the unhappy process of muddling the stuff about while it is still wet. This muddling about tends to arise if you are not dead certain what will happen to a tone when you set it next to another tone. If it seats itself and performs its correct function either of advancing towards the eye or retreating from it, there will be no need to touch it twice, and this is where Sickert—pupil of Whistler and Degas—scored heavily. He had a marvellous gift for judging exactly the tonal depth of the mess he had mixed up on the palette in relation to what was already on the canvas, and when he scrubbed or touched it on to the picture, there was no need to modify. It took its proper place and performed its function, which is to create the illusion of space in depth. If he got it wrong, he would wait for days until the picture was dry and then whack or dab or stab a new tone in as abruptly and as confidently as he had the first. This is what makes even the darkest Sickert pristine. For me he is at his most satisfactory when working with a group of low tones—when painting in a low key—but either way he had a sure grasp of the relationship of tones, of what used to be called 'values'. If you have that, and providing you get the drawing right and touch the canvas only when you are sure, the picture will be crisp and clean and will ring like a bell, even if it is painted with mud.

In a note on an unfinished portrait by Ingres, Sickert commented on this. It was to him a vital matter of attack and he says that 'people think 'that every inch of a canvas should be covered by thick opaque paint'. He goes on to accuse the patron of a tendency to order the painter to destroy 'the flowerlike perfection of the *mot juste* by tautology . . . lumbering and murderous'.

'Flowerlike Perfection'

'The flowerlike perfection of the *mot juste*'. That was Sickert's aim, and he frequently achieved it. And the thing about the *mot juste* is that it is a concise expression, a pared-down statement summing up the subject. It is the sort of expression Manet could achieve marvellously with a flower or a couple of fish on a plate, and Whistler—now and then—could manage with a stretch of the Thames at twilight. To do it with a portrait requires a higher talent, a Velazquez or a Degas; and in the portrait of Israel Zangwill, Sickert brought it off at a level which barely falls short of these giants, to whom he acknowledged his debt.

I have chosen to discuss this picture for two reasons: first, because it is a masterpiece by means of which a fine, but not perhaps a great, portraitist rose to a moment of real greatness—I believe that the Zangwill picture is on the Degas level of portraiture—and, secondly, because I knew the sitter, who was my uncle by marriage. I knew him when I was a small boy and spent much of my childhood in his house. I also knew the painter slightly, having been to tea with him on various occasions towards the end of his life.

Israel Zangwill was a very successful man of letters. Although his reputation is now in eclipse, his novels once ranked with those of Wells and his plays with those of Shaw. He is out of fashion but he has not vanished, for he is certainly the greatest Jewish writer we can boast. He was very much a Jew. In later life he neglected his writing in order to crusade with singleness of purpose for Jewish causes. He was, as I remember him, a dedicated pensive man with a certain underlying fierceness in his temperament. Meditative he certainly was to a point of remarkable absentmindedness. I remember an occasion when he filed his breakfast away with the morning's letters. He placed a sausage carefully on the mantelpiece with various cards of invitation which had just arrived, and then he searched diligently for it under the breakfast table. I also recall that he regularly placed his dress suit in the laundry basket and carefully laid out his shirt and socks to be pressed; and on one occasion he blew his nose on a razor, having forgotten which hand held the handkerchief.

I remember him as a small, brooding, rather stooped, but also awe-inspiring, man, with a sort of oriental dignity—a person possessed of a certain power—and I was aware of this long before I knew him as anything but an uncle. So much for the sitter.

Quick-Change Artist

My recollection of the painter is less clearly personal. Apart from being an artist Sickert was a quick-change artist. If I met him half-a-dozen times he was at least half-a-dozen different people, changing mood and even appearance in the most confusing fashion. There was Barnacle Bill and there was the Actor Manager and the Whistlerian Wit—and then there was Lazarus, as he called himself in titling his late self-portraits, who looked like an Old Testament Prophet with a great white beard. But out of these recollections comes little light on any relationship between Sickert and Zangwill which might have caused so formidable a portrait to be painted.

Sickert was not a professional portrait painter: he painted for love and lived by selling the products in a rather haphazard fashion. Zangwill never, so far as I have discovered, showed any special interest in his portrait or tried to acquire it. Indeed, he was not much interested in the visual arts, although his study contained one Whistler etching, and lithographs of Thomas Hardy and Henry James by William Rothenstein. There was also, I recall, a dreadfully insipid pencil drawing by Simeon Solomon. Nowhere have I come across any reference to Zangwill in Sickert's writings, nor any reference to Sickert in Zangwill's. How, then, did the portrait come about, and why? The first link is with Sickert's first wife, Ellen Cobden, who numbered Zangwill among her Radical friends; and the second is the fact that in 1897 Sickert had made a caricature of Zangwill for *Vanity Fair* whilst standing in for 'Spy', their regular cartoonist.

In 1904—the year when it seems, for various reasons, that the portrait must have been painted—Sickert was living in Venice, but no amount of probing about on my part has elicited any information about whether Zangwill could have been there at the same time. No sketch or drawing for the portrait seems to have survived which might indicate that Sickert, who often painted from drawings, had done the preparatory work in London at some other time and painted the portrait from memory. The background of the painting is clearly the *Ghetto Nuovo* in Venice, a strange enclave of tall buildings inhumanly built some hundreds of years ago to segregate the Jewish community. But the painter

may have begun the picture elsewhere and capriciously used the Venetian background partly because he was in Venice and partly in order to place the author of *The Children of the Ghetto* and the *Ghetto Comedies*, which were among Zangwill's most famous books, in an actual ghetto.

Wherever it was painted I think Sickert was probably the instigator. I rather doubt if Zangwill would have had himself painted at all and especially by an *avant-garde* artist. The likely sequence of events is that Sickert recalled the occasion of the caricature of some years earlier to the author and perhaps their other meetings, and suggested that he would like to have a more serious go at the subject, *con amore*, like everything else he did, simply because he admired Zangwill as a writer and found his appearance remarkable. That is one of the reasons, perhaps the most powerful, for painting portraits at all.

The canvas is small, perhaps smaller than you imagine, smaller because the large simplicity of the forms implies a largeness which is, in fact, illusory. It is painted with apparent rapidity, and this, too, may be illusory, because the speed with which the brush strikes the canvas does not tell one the length of the pauses which took place between each thrust—and I use the words strike and thrust because one of Sickert's characteristics in his use of the brush is his vigour. He is the least slippery of painters. He never smooths or slides over or strokes at the canvas; he scrubs with a hard hog's-hair brush in a sort of scouring fashion, or he loads the brush and draws with it. The background of the Zangwill portrait is scrubbed; the modelling of the head is drawn with short strokes. The simplified silhouette of Zangwill's black coat—a device perfected by Degas—is virtually unrelieved, which underlines the fact that if a tone is right in relation to its surroundings it will explain the form without the spectator feeling called upon to ask the painter for any qualification in detail.

Zangwill was a sallow man, and Sickert, starting the head with a uniform dark tone—I think comprised of yellow ochre, *terra verde*, and indian red—has worked up towards the light, which explains the bones of the face, in a dozen abrupt touches of the same mixture raised to a higher key: on temple, cheekbone, nose, eye, and upper lip. A suggestion of warmth got with rose madder under the nose and under the lip, and some green—more *terra verde*, I think—into the fold of the tucked-in jaw. A final warming of the lips with a cadmium red, which then recurs in the red post behind the figure, and a drawing of the eye-socket and mouth with cobalt blue and an umber—also used for the window openings and the lights in the hair. I suspect a bluish-red tone to be under everything in the picture—rubbed on to kill the initial white of the canvas—burnt umber or sienna.

The precise adjustment of the background to the figure and the space implied between is purely a matter of tonal relationships unified by this underlying sombre base. The silhouette—dark in suit and hair—establishes the characteristics of Zangwill's physique with great economy.

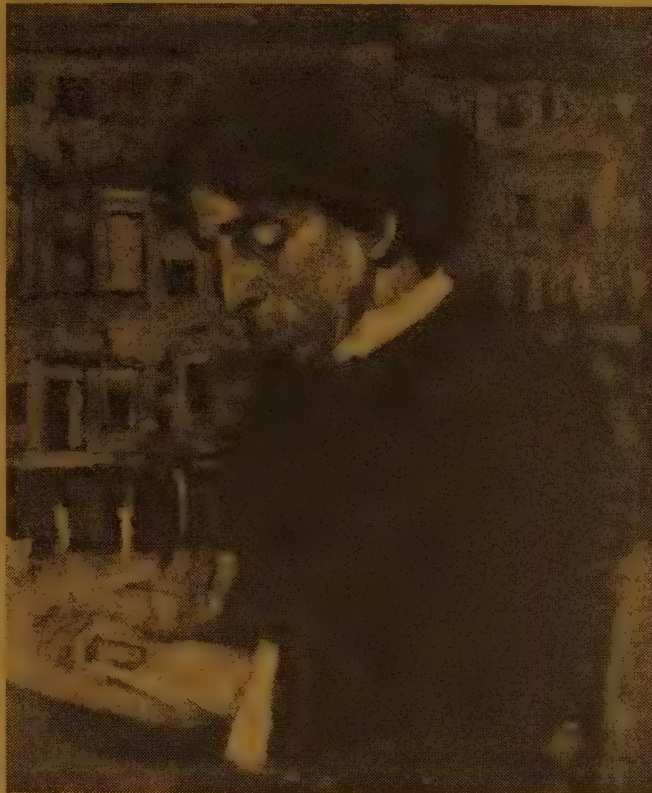
But the eye does not linger there, nor is it held by the ambiguous and simplified hands folded on the book. These and the townscape are intended to be apprehended while in fact the eye is fixed on the head. The high tone of the collar signals the eye towards the head. Ultimately, the whole picture is intended to be apprehended while the eye of the spectator is fixed in chancery by that collar, on the head, to which it is

inexorably and cunningly led, no matter where its voyage begins.

By these expedients a man—a living being—has been applied to the canvas, and it is a meditative and movingly beautiful ugly man who sits there brooding on the creation of a new Zion. This man has to me the deep sadness of the antique, the scapegoat, exiled race, but also—I speak as a nephew—he is clearly a man preoccupied enough to leave his sausage on the mantelpiece.

It is essentially a private picture, the reverse of the prestige portrait which can be seen at its grandest in the work of, say, Ingres, or earlier in Titian—and it was painted at a time when prestige portraits were usually by John Singer Sargent, before whom the critics, the public, the fashionable world were all prostrate, or, as Sickert put it, in literal translation from the French, 'flat-belly'.

Before the Zangwill portrait no one was especially 'flat-belly' when it was first exhibited at the New English Art Club in November 1904, and only a relatively small number of people have been 'flat-belly' before Sickert since then. He is frequently admired as a very good English painter, as if that was a heavy strike against him, and he is too often considered as merely a talented but unremarkable follower of the French Impressionists. I do not agree with this judgment. Sickert is more important than that, and as a portraitist I think he ranks high, but as a private portraitist who selected individuals to paint rather as he selected music halls, or corners of Dieppe, or bits of Venice because they were part of his world and were of it, however fleetingly. In his late portraits, sometimes painted from photographs—because, like his master Degas, he valued the accidentals of the camera—Sickert did produce some semi-public sort of pictures like the 'Sir Thomas Beecham Conducting' and the 'Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies as Queen Isabella in Marlowe's *Edward II*', but—fine as they are—these pictures are not of the quality of the private portrait of Victor



'Portrait of Israel Zangwill', by Walter Sickert: in the National Gallery of Modern Art, Edinburgh
By courtesy of the National Galleries of Scotland

Lecour, painted in the early nineteen-twenties, and none of them comes within miles of the Zangwill.

There is a portrait of Hugh Walpole, the novelist, painted in 1929, which it is interesting to compare with the Zangwill if only because he too was a writer, a young contemporary of Zangwill and in striking contrast to him. The two pictures also provide a remarkable contrast between Sickert's early and late portrait styles. Zangwill was a small, sallow man, delicate, bony and fragile—seemingly bent by stooping over books. Walpole was a large, pink, public man—unhappy and exceedingly introverted, but giving an impression of expansive bonhomie. He was generous, rather petulant, and far from stooping; he gave the impression of leaning over backwards. The Sickert portrait of him is larger than the Zangwill and it consists almost entirely of a sort of large pink head leaning backwards. This curious pink blur—scrubbed on in indian red—tells one a great deal about Walpole, about his sensitivity, his great kindness, his pomposity, his awful vulnerability, his frustrated desire to be taken seriously by the *literati*. He, unlike Zangwill, was most unalarming as a man and one of the most touching things about him was his delight in his popular success as a best seller.

The contrast with Zangwill, who just about the time Sickert painted the portrait in 1904 began to give himself over wholly to the creation of the future state of Israel, looks, in the two portraits, like the contrast between a literary Judas Maccabeus and a literary rural dean.

But both portraits are true portraits—both have a detachment, an objectivity, which makes them that. They don't flatter, they are not caricature. They have a psychological penetration which is the hallmark of a painter who understands the portraits of Degas. The handwriting, the way in which each is painted, is characteristic of the painter—no one else could have painted these pictures, however much they differ—but this handwriting is quite unobtrusive. Walpole is Walpole—Zangwill is Zangwill, neither is self-consciously scribbled over with the marks of the artist's 'personality', nor is either overlaid with the lumbering tautology of a sitter's demand for flattery. But the Walpole is an adumbra-

tion, the Zangwill is a compelling fact. It is incomparably the more compelling image, and not the least reason for this is that whatever Zangwill may in fact have looked like, what he now looks like is what Sickert tells us to believe, and we believe it implicitly. It is a comment on Zangwill so precise that it can only be called the *mot juste*, and if Zangwill is utterly forgotten and in time the painting comes to be called 'Portrait of an Unknown Man', it will remain the *mot juste* about a meditative Jew—a man who, whatever his name was, made some positive contribution to the world he lived in. We shall know this because Sickert leaves us in no doubt of it.—*Home Service*

What is History?

History as Progress

By E. H. CARR

IN his inaugural lecture as Regius Professor of Modern History in Oxford, thirty years ago, Professor Powicke said:

The craving for an interpretation of history is so deep-rooted that, unless we have a constructive outlook over the past, we are drawn either to mysticism or to cynicism.

'Mysticism' will, I think, stand for the view that the meaning of history lies somewhere outside history, in the realm of theology or eschatology—the view of such writers as Berdyaev or Niebuhr or Toynbee. 'Cynicism' stands for the view that history has no meaning, or the meaning which we arbitrarily choose to give to it. These are perhaps the two most popular views of history today. But I shall unhesitatingly reject both of them. This leaves us with that odd, but suggestive, phrase 'a constructive outlook over the past', into which I shall attempt to read my own interpretation.

A Secularized Teleological View

Like the ancient civilizations of Asia, the classical civilization of Greece and Rome was basically unhistorical. History was not going anywhere: because there was no sense of the past, there was equally no sense of the future. It was the Jews, and after them the Christians, who introduced an entirely new element by postulating a goal towards which the historical process is moving—the teleological view of history. History acquired a meaning and purpose, but at the expense of losing its secular character. This was the medieval view of history. The rationalists of the Enlightenment, who were the founders of modern historiography, retained the Jewish-Christian teleological view, but secularized the goal; they were thus able to restore the rational character of the historical process itself. History became progress towards the goal of the perfection of man's estate on earth.

The cult of progress reached its climax at the moment when British prosperity, power, and self-confidence were at their height—the period which ended in 1914. In view of what I am about to say, it is fair for me to admit that this was the atmosphere in which I was educated, and that I could subscribe without reservation to the words of my senior by half a generation, Bertrand Russell: 'I grew up in the full blood of Victorian optimism, and . . . something remains with me of the hopefulness that then was easy'.

In 1920, when Bury wrote his book *The Idea of Progress*, a bleaker climate already prevailed, though he still described progress as 'the animating and controlling idea of western civilization'. Thereafter this note was silent. Nicholas I of Russia is said to have issued an order banning the word 'progress': nowadays the philosophers and historians of western Europe, and even the United States, have come belatedly to follow his example. The hypothesis of progress has been refuted. The decline of the West has become so familiar a phrase that quotation marks are no longer required. But what, apart from all the shouting, has really happened? By whom has this new current of opinion been formed?

The other day I was shocked to come across, I think, the only remark of Bertrand Russell I have ever seen which seemed to me to betray an acute national or class bias: 'There

is, on the whole, much less liberty in the world now than there was a hundred years ago'. I have no measuring-rod for liberty, and do not know how to balance the lesser liberty of few against the greater liberty of many. But on any standard of measurement I can only regard the statement as fantastically untrue. I am more attracted by one of those fascinating glimpses which A. J. P. Taylor sometimes gives us into Oxford academic life. All this talk about the decline of civilization, he writes, 'means only that university professors used to have domestic servants and now do their own washing-up'. So much depends on the point of view. For former domestic servants, washing-up by professors may be a symbol of progress. The loss of white supremacy in Africa, which worries Empire Loyalists, Afrikaner Republicans, and investors in gold and copper shares, may look like progress to others.

I see no reason why, on this question of progress, I should *ipso facto* prefer the verdict of the nineteen-fifties to that of the eighteen-nineties, the verdict of the English-speaking world to that of Russia, Asia, and Africa, or the verdict of the middle-class intellectual to that of the man in the street who, according to Mr. Macmillan, has never had it so good. Let us for the moment suspend judgment on the question whether we are living in a period of progress or of decline, and examine a little more closely what is implied in the concept of progress, what assumptions lie behind it, and how far these have become untenable.

I should like, first, to clear up the muddle about progress and evolution. The thinkers of the Enlightenment adopted two apparently incompatible views. They sought to vindicate man's place in the world of nature: the laws of history were equated with the laws of nature. On the other hand, they believed in progress. But what ground was there for treating nature as progressive, as constantly advancing towards a goal? In the nineteenth century the Darwinian revolution appeared to remove all embarrassments by equating evolution and progress: nature, like history, turned out after all to be progressive. But this opened the way to a much graver misunderstanding by confusing biological inheritance, which is the source of evolution, with social acquisition, which is the source of progress in history.

Accumulated Experience

The distinction is familiar and obvious. Put a European infant in a Chinese family, and the child will grow up with a white skin but speaking Chinese. Pigmentation is a biological inheritance, language a social acquisition transmitted by the agency of the human brain. Evolution by inheritance has to be measured in millennia or in millions of years; no measurable biological change is believed to have occurred in man since the beginning of written history. Progress by acquisition can be measured in generations. The essence of man as a rational being is that he develops his potential capacities by accumulating the experience of past generations. Modern man may have no larger a brain, and no greater innate capacity of thought, than his ancestor 5,000 years ago. But the effectiveness of his thinking has been multiplied many times by learning and incorporating in his experience the experience of the intervening generations. The transmission of

acquired characteristics, which is rejected by biologists, is the very foundation of social progress. History is progress through the transmission of acquired skills from one generation to another.

My next point is that no sane person ever believed in a kind of progress which advanced in an unbroken straight line without reverses and deviations. Hegel's or Marx's four or three civilizations, or Toynbee's twenty-one civilizations, the theory of a life-cycle of civilizations, passing through rise, decline and fall—such schemes make no sense in themselves. But they are symptomatic of the observed fact that the effort which is needed to drive civilizations forward dies away in one place and is later resumed at another, so that whatever progress we can observe in history is certainly not continuous either in time or in place. Indeed, if I were addicted to formulating laws of history, one such law would be to the effect that the group—call it a class, a nation, a continent, a civilization, what you will—which plays the leading role in the advance of civilization in one period is unlikely to play a similar role in the next period; and this for the good reason that it will be too deeply imbued with the traditions, interests, and ideologies of the earlier period to be able to adapt itself to the demands and conditions of the next period. It is significant that almost all our latter-day prophets of decline, our sceptics who see no meaning in history and assume that progress is dead, belong to that sector of the world and to that class of society which have triumphantly played a leading and predominant part in the advance of civilization for several generations.

The Transmission of Acquired Assets

Let us now come to the question what is the essential content of progress in terms of historical action. The people who struggle, say, to extend civil rights to all, or to reform penal practice, or to remove inequalities of race or wealth, are consciously seeking to do just those things: they are not consciously seeking to 'progress', to realize some historical 'law' or 'hypothesis' of progress. It is the historian who applies to their actions his hypothesis of progress, and interprets their actions as progress. But this does not invalidate the concept of progress. It is presupposition of history that man is capable of profiting (not that he necessarily profits) by the experience of his predecessors, and that progress in history, unlike evolution in nature, rests on the transmission of acquired assets. These assets include both material possessions and the capacity to master, transform, and utilize one's environment. Marx treats human labour as the foundation of the whole edifice; and this formula seems acceptable if a sufficiently broad sense is attached to 'labour'. But the mere accumulation of resources will not avail unless it brings with it not only increased technical and social knowledge and experience, but increased mastery of man's environment in a broader sense.

At the present time, few people would question the fact of progress in the accumulation both of material resources and of scientific knowledge. What is questioned is whether there has been in the twentieth century any progress in our ordering of society. Has not the evolution of man as a social being lagged fatally behind the progress of technology? The symptoms which inspire this question are obvious. But I suspect none the less that it is wrongly put. History has known many turning-points, where the leadership and initiative has passed from one group to another. The period of the rise of the modern state, the shift in the centre of power from the Mediterranean to western Europe, and the period of the French revolution, have been conspicuous modern examples. Such periods are always times of violent upheavals and struggles for power. The old authorities weaken, the old landmarks disappear; out of a bitter clash of ambitions and resentments the new order emerges.

What I would suggest is that we are now passing through such a period. It appears to me simply untrue to say that our understanding of the problems of social organization has regressed: indeed, I should venture to say that it has greatly increased. It is not that our capacities have diminished. But the period of conflict and upheaval, due to the shifting balance of power between continents, nations, and classes, through which we are living has enormously increased the strain on these capacities. While I do not wish to underestimate the force of the challenge of the past fifty years to the belief in progress in the western world, I am still not convinced that progress in history has come to an end.

I profess no belief in the perfectibility of man or in a future paradise on earth. But I shall be content with the possibility of unlimited progress towards goals which can be defined only as we advance towards them. Nor do I know how, without some such conception of progress, society can survive. Every civilized society imposes sacrifices on the living generation for the sake of generations yet unborn. To justify these sacrifices in the name of a better world in the future is the secular counterpart of justifying them in the name of some divine purpose.

Fact and Interpretation

This brings me to the famous crux of objectivity in history. The facts of history cannot be purely objective, since they become facts of history only in virtue of the significance attached to them by the historian. Objectivity in history cannot be an objectivity of fact—it is not simply getting one's facts right—but an objectivity of relation, between fact and interpretation, between past, present and future. Let me go back to the sad case of Robinson's death*. The objectivity of our inquiry into that event depended not on getting our facts right—these were not in dispute—but on distinguishing between the real or significant facts, in which we were interested, and the accidental facts, which we could afford to ignore. We found it easy to draw this distinction because our standard or test of significance, the basis of our objectivity, was clear and consisted of relevance to the goal in view—i.e., reduction of deaths on the roads.

But the historian is a less fortunate person than the investigator who has before him the simple and finite purpose of reducing traffic casualties. The historian, too, in his task of interpretation, needs his standard of significance, which is also his standard of objectivity, in order to distinguish between the significant and the accidental; and he too can find it only in relevance to the end in view. The absolute in history is not something in the past from which we start; it is not something in the present, since all present thinking is necessarily relative. It is something still incomplete and in process of becoming—something in the future towards which we move, which begins to take shape only as we move towards it, and in the light of which, as we move forward, we gradually shape our interpretation of the past. This is the secular truth behind the religious myth that the meaning of history will be revealed on the Day of Judgment. 'For the historian', says Professor Butterfield, 'the only absolute is change'. Our criterion is not an absolute in the static sense of something that is the same yesterday, today, and for ever: such an absolute is incompatible with the nature of history. But it is an absolute in respect of our interpretation of the past. It rejects the relativist view that one interpretation is as good as another, or that every interpretation is true in its own time and place, and it provides the touchstone by which our interpretation of the past will ultimately be judged.

What is Objectivity?

What, then, do we mean when we praise a historian for being objective, or say that one historian is more objective than another? First, we mean that he has a capacity to rise above the limited vision of his own situation in society and in history. Secondly, we mean that he has the capacity to project his vision into the future in such a way as to give him a more profound and more lasting insight into the past than can be attained by those historians whose outlook is entirely bounded by their own immediate situation. It is this sense of direction in history which alone enables us to order and interpret the events of the past. No historian today will echo Acton's confidence in the prospect of 'ultimate history'. But some historians write history which is more durable, and has more of this ultimate and objective character, than others; and these are the historians who have what I may call a long-term vision over the past and over the future. The historian of the past can make an approach towards objectivity only as he approaches towards the understanding of the future.

When, therefore, I spoke of history in an earlier lecture as a dialogue between past and present, I should rather have called it a dialogue between the events of the past and progressively emerging future ends. The historian's interpretation of the past, his selection of the significant and the relevant, evolves with the progressive emergence of new goals. To take the simplest of all illustrations, so long as the main goal appeared to be the organiza-

tion of constitutional liberties and political rights, the historian interpreted the past in constitutional and political terms. When economic and social ends began to replace constitutional and political ends, historians turned to economic and social interpretations of the past. In this process, the sceptic might plausibly allege that the new interpretation is no truer than the old; each is true for its period. Nevertheless, since the preoccupation with economic and social ends represents a broader and more advanced stage in human development than the preoccupation with political and constitutional ends, so the economic and social interpretation of history may be said to represent a more advanced stage in history than the exclusively political interpretation. The old interpretation is not rejected, but is both included and superseded in the new. Historiography is a progressive science in the sense that it seeks to provide constantly expanding and deepening insights into a course of events which is itself progressive.

'Constructive Outlook over the Past'

This is what I should mean by saying that we need 'a constructive outlook over the past'. Modern historiography has grown up during the past two centuries in this dual belief in progress, and cannot survive without it, since it is this belief which provides it with its standard of significance, its touchstone for distinguishing between the real and the accidental, the basis of its interpretation of the past.

I have still to deal with the familiar and popular objection to any theory which finds the ultimate criterion of historical judgment in the future. Such a theory, it is said, implies that success is the ultimate criterion of judgment, and that, if not whatever is, whatever will be, is right. For the past 200 years most historians have not only assumed a direction in which history is moving, but have consciously or unconsciously believed that this direction was on the whole the right direction. It was an optimistic view, a product of an age of overwhelming confidence in the future; Whigs and Liberals, Hegelians and Marxists, theologians and rationalists, remained firmly, and more or less articulately, committed to it. For 200 years it could have been described without much exaggeration as the accepted and implicit answer to the question 'What is History?' The reaction against it has come with the current mood of apprehension and pessimism, which has left the field clear for the theologians who seek the meaning of history outside history, and for the sceptics who find no meaning in history at all.

This is, I think, a false trail. History is, by and large, a record of what people did, not of what they failed to do: to this extent it is inevitably a success story. Professor Tawney remarks that historians give 'an appearance of inevitableness' to an existing order 'by dragging into prominence the forces which have triumphed and thrusting into the background those which they have swallowed up'. But is not this in a sense the essence of the historian's job? The historian must not underestimate the opposition; he must not represent the victory as a walk-over if it was touch-and-go. Sometimes those who were defeated have made as great a contribution to the ultimate result as the victors.

Those Who Enter into History

These are familiar maxims to every historian. But, by and large, the historian is concerned with those who, whether victorious or defeated, achieved something. I am not a specialist in the history of cricket. But its pages are presumably studded with the names of those who made centuries rather than of those who made ducks and were left out of the side. Hegel's famous statement that in history 'only those peoples can come under our notice which form a state', has been justly criticized as attaching an exclusive value to one form of social organization and paving the way for an obnoxious state-worship. But, in principle, what Hegel is trying to say is correct, and reflects the familiar distinction between pre-history and history; only those peoples which have succeeded in organizing their society in some degree cease to be primitive savages and enter into history. Even Sir Isaiah Berlin, in a broadcast delivered some time after the publication of his essay on *Historical Inevitability*, praised Bismarck, in spite of moral shortcomings, as a 'genius' and 'the greatest example in the last century of a politician of the highest powers of political judgment', and contrasted him favourably in this respect with such

men as Joseph II of Austria, Robespierre, Lenin, and Hitler who failed to realize 'their positive ends'.

I find this verdict odd. But what interests me here is the criterion of judgment. Bismarck, says Sir Isaiah, understood the material in which he was working; the others were led away by abstract theories which failed to work. The moral is that 'failure comes from resisting that which works best . . . in favour of some systematic method or principle claiming universal validity'. In other words, the criterion of judgment in history is not some 'principle claiming universal validity' but 'that which works best'. For the word 'success', which has come to have invidious connotations, let us by all means substitute the neutral 'that which works best'. Since I have joined issue with Sir Isaiah Berlin on several occasions during these lectures, I am glad to be able to close the account with, at any rate, this measure of agreement.

But acceptance of the criterion of 'what works best' does not make its application either easy or self-evident. History recognizes what I may call 'delayed achievement': but apparent failures of today may turn out to have made a vital contribution to the achievement of tomorrow—prophets born before their time. Proudhon, who talked freely in terms of abstract moral principles, condoned the *coup d'état* of Napoleon III after it had succeeded; Marx, who rejected the criterion of abstract moral principles, condemned Proudhon for condoning it. Looking back from a longer historical perspective, we shall probably agree that Proudhon was wrong and Marx right. The achievement of Bismarck provides an excellent starting point for an examination of this problem of historical judgment, and, while I accept Sir Isaiah's criterion of 'what works best', I am still puzzled by the narrow and short-term limits within which he is apparently content to apply it. Did what Bismarck created really work well? I should have thought that it led to an immense disaster.

A Standard Laid Up in the Future

But an objective judgment on Bismarck's achievement and how it worked awaits an answer from the historian to many questions; and I am not sure that he is yet in a position to answer them at all definitively. What I would say is that the historian of the nineteen-twenties was nearer to an objective judgment on Bismarck's actions than the historian of the eighteen-eighties, and that the historian of today is nearer than the historian of the nineteen-twenties; the historian of the year 2000 may be nearer still. This illustrates my thesis that objectivity in history does not and cannot rest on some fixed and immovable standard of judgment existing here and now, but only on a standard which is laid up in the future and is evolved as the course of history advances.

Let us in conclusion take another look at the alleged dichotomy between fact and value. Values cannot be derived from facts. This statement is partly true, but partly false. You have only to examine the system of values prevailing in any period or in any country to realize how much of it is moulded by the facts of the environment. Contrast the values of primitive Christianity with those of the medieval papacy, or the values of the medieval papacy with those of the Christian churches of the nineteenth century in the English-speaking world. Or consider the historical facts which in the last century and a half have caused slavery or racial inequality or the exploitation of child labour—all once accepted as morally neutral or reputable—to be generally regarded as immoral. The proposition that values cannot be derived from facts is, to say the least, one-sided and misleading. Or let us reverse the statement. Facts cannot be derived from values. This is partly true, but may also be misleading, and requires qualifications. When we seek to know facts, the questions which we ask, and therefore the answers which we obtain, are prompted by our system of values. It is through our values that we have that capacity to adapt ourselves to our environment, and to adapt our environment to ourselves, to acquire that mastery over our environment which has made history a record of progress. The objective historian is the historian who penetrates most deeply into this reciprocal process, in which facts and values are intertwined.

This is the fifth of six talks in the Third Programme based on Mr. Carr's recent Trevelyan Lectures to Cambridge University: they will be published in book form by Macmillan next autumn

Sir Lewis Namier as Historian

By HERBERT BUTTERFIELD

SIR LEWIS NAMIER was one of those historians who have transmitted only a small part of themselves to the world in their published writings. The high-powered engine inside him drove him to tremendous researches; and he loved these, I imagine, more than he loved the manufacture of books. Some of his large-scale works remind me of broken Gothic—with gargoyles and glimpses of cherubs—the whole involving a mixture of styles which he was too impatient to turn into continuity or assimilate to an architectural design. It seems to me, moreover, that he did not care to give much of himself to the construction of historical narrative, though I think that he had all the ingredients of a good narrator. Many of his books are in fact collections of periodical articles, or they arose from lectures which he had been induced to give—lectures which, because they were bulging with materials, would be capable of expansion.

On the other hand, it is clear that, early in life, he set out to achieve artistry in the writing and construction of essays. He even had a fire inside him which made him want to catch truth on the wing—catch it at that high point where truth and beauty are one. I suppose I differ from most people who have written about him because I see his originality not in things that come from the level judgment of a prosaic historian but in things which arose from passionate depths, streaking his work with veins of poetry.

There is a volume of his, entitled *Skyscrapers*, which gives us a selection of the essays he produced up to about the age of forty. In some of them the literary intention is unmistakable; and there are passages which reveal a kind of immaturity (because the straining for poetry ends in something too rhapsodical). An example of this is a paragraph in the essay on 'Germans and Russia' written in 1916—a paragraph which, addressing the Germans, begins:

Go into the endless sad plains of Russia, among her infinitely patient peasant folk. What can you Germans do with them?

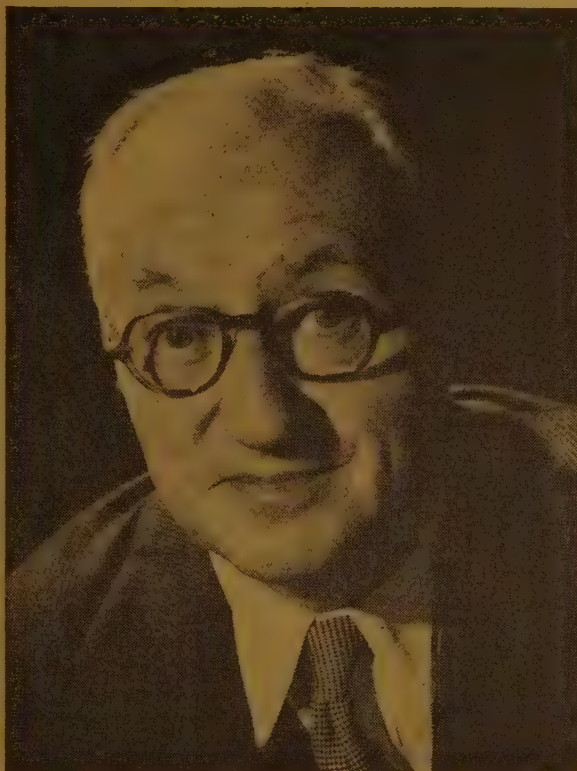
The earliest of the articles in this volume was written in the middle of June 1914, when Namier had only just reached the age of twenty-six, and the world did not know that Serajevo was only a fortnight away. Returning from a European tour, he gives a grim report of the mounting tension; but since we now know that, as he wrote, the nations were on the very edge of war, it is curious to see how he finally sums up the situation:

Russia is arming on an enormous scale. Hence Austria-Hungary must do the same, and so must Germany, having so much at stake in the safety of Austria . . . But the aggressive, political side of the German *Weltpolitik* has disappeared. Germany is now far too much occupied in Eastern Europe to contemplate any move against England . . . The expense of armaments on land against Russia is so heavy that it has become very doubtful whether Germany and Austria will be able to continue . . . in the future their naval programmes.

These early essays show already the breadth of his interests, which include America and eastern Europe as well as Zionism

and the Jews in general. Some of his thought is thoroughly English and (much as he would have hated this) certain strands of it always remind me of Edmund Burke. He speaks, for example, of 'the poise and rest' which are the result of having a 'spiritual inheritance far superior to the thoughts, will, or inventions of any single generation'. Yet from the first he is thoroughly cosmopolitan and, even when he deals with Metternich, he manages to escape the usual insularity of the Englishman. He describes the man's diplomacy as 'fine' and 'unique', and he tells us that Metternich was 'not the reactionary he is usually represented; for he was too intelligent, too cautious, and too conservative'. Like Metternich himself, Namier insists that 'conservatism is primarily based on a proper recognition of human limitation'.

All this means that he was nothing like the narrow specialist, burying himself in a single region of history, and uninterested in anything else. If he worked on the reign of George III he was also one of the pioneers in the critical study of the origins of the second world war. One of his profoundest and most carefully constructed books is a volume on the revolutions which took place in Europe in 1848. Apart from this, he would collect into his writing (no matter what the theme) comments on history gathered from widely ranging periods and places. He had enriched his mind with analogies, correlations, and generalizing formulas, which he seems to have worked out, very much as Acton did, in the course of reflection upon the past. He hauled even the Pharaohs into an article that he



Sir Lewis Namier (1888-1960)

Douglas Glass

wrote when he was nearly forty: but there is a footnote in the reprint which says: 'Not all the historical generalizations in this particular essay should be taken as considered historical judgments'.

The thing that carried him far above all routine historians, and could not be transmitted to anybody else, was a penetrating kind of insight. It appears in swift impressions of people: as when Metternich is described as 'that rococo figure in porcelain, stylish and nimble, and in appearance hollow and brittle'. It shows itself in drastic comments on events: as when he says that 'the eighteenth-century British claim to superiority over the Colonies was largely the result of thinking in terms of personified countries'. We see it in bold pieces of generalization: 'The Anglo-Saxon mind, like the Jewish, is inclined to legalism'; 'The social history of nations is largely moulded by the forms and development of their armed forces'. Sometimes his theses seem far-fetched. He says, for example, that 'possibly the reducing of all values to one common money denomination was to some extent stimulated by the discovery of the atom'.

One of his devices is to use the simplest and most engaging kind of anecdote as a sort of parable. Moses, having been allowed to peer into the future, listens to the teaching of Akiba ben Joseph, and he hears a pupil ask the teacher where his knowledge came from. Moses has been unable to understand a word of the teaching, but he hears Akiba answer: 'This is the tradition handed down to us from Moses'. Sometimes Namier uses a figure of speech

so effectively that it acquires a solemn ring, like a sound in an empty cavern:

There is no free will in the thinking and action of the masses, any more than in the revolution of planets, in the migration of birds, and in the plunging of hordes of lemmings into the sea. But when he stands farthest of all from the scene, like a pitying God who watches human beings for a moment in love, he reaches the sort of music that we find in the thrilling parts of the Old Testament:

For in the life of every man comes a night when at the ford of the stream he has to strive 'with God and with men'; and if he prevails and receives the blessing of the father-spirit, he is henceforth free and at peace.

First Fame

The work which made him famous appeared in 1929, when he was just over forty. It was *The Structure of Politics at the Accession of George III*; and it received great compliments from reviewers, including D. A. Winstanley, who had held a leading place in this field. The most impressive feature of the book was not the industry that lay behind it or even the large amount of new material that it contained. Once again, it was the insight that mattered—insight which (combined this time with what I should call constructive imagination) produced a new landscape for the politics of the year 1760. Namier's cosmopolitan outlook must have been of much help to him at this point in the story. Englishmen have often been too insular in the study of their own constitutional history, as though this could be regarded as a closed intellectual system. For precisely this reason, since the first half of the seventeenth century, our constitutional history has received some remarkable contributions from writers with an international outlook, and from foreign scholarship. In a sense it was necessary to see our eighteenth century somewhat in the way that continental scholars saw theirs—to realize that our constitution at that time was not the Victorian one existing in a debased form, but belonged to a kind of *ancien régime* that had a structure of its own. Without an understanding of the general structure of things, we must not expect to grasp the workings of internal politics—at least that aspect of politics which involves the competition for place and power.

So far as I can recall, it was never the problem of the structure of politics as such which led to controversy. But even in respect of this side of Namier's work, I think we ought to be on guard against exaggerations. We have always had plenty of materials to show us how people actually talked to one another about politics in the early years of the reign of George III. The world that Namier examines is still the world that Horace Walpole exposes in his very detailed memoirs of this period; and if Walpole went wrong as a narrative historian it was not because he was unaware of the structure of politics in his own day. Volumes which exposed the state of the constituencies and the way elections were conducted had appeared in the reign of George III and were known even to the Whig historians, who used them to support the case for parliamentary reform. They were full of errors, and their figures, the amounts of money they mention, their references to local personalities, and indeed a host of other things in them, would have to be greatly revised, as is the case with the *Memoirs* of Horace Walpole. All the same, one was given the impression that eighteenth-century England presented a different kind of political diagram; though historians had come to have a wrong attitude to this, and had forgotten its effects on the actual workings of politics.

Historical Effort and Insight

Some of the important things had been forgotten fairly recently, for still, in the middle of the nineteenth century, there were writers on this subject for whom the eighteenth-century system had always been second nature. It requires a tremendous historical effort to recapture a system and a synthesis once the tradition has been lost; and the effort had begun—partly under an impulsion from the Continent—before Namier appeared. The insights of a Namier were needed to recover the things that were not in the documents because they were so much second nature to the men of the time—so familiar that it would not have occurred to people even to write about them in their letters to

one another. Hence, for example, the importance of the first chapter of all in Namier's *Structure of Politics*—the answer to the question why men went into parliament in those days.

But if Namier was a Namierite in regard to eighteenth-century politics, I want a certain kind of analytical Namierism to be applied to twentieth-century historians. I think that historical reconstruction and historical interpretation are liable to be conditioned by the type of document that happens to be released, or happens to be in vogue, at the time when the scholar is at work. I think also that the mind of the historian is liable to be constricted by the spirit of the age in which he lives, even by the kind of technique that he habitually uses; perhaps also by the character of the period and region with which his mind is most engaged. One aspect of this is perhaps immediately relevant. When Namier began his researches, the study of the famous papers of the Duke of Newcastle at the British Museum had been becoming more and more intensive. Apart from the fact that he carried this process much further, Namier lived at a time when, partly through his own importunity, the papers of many country houses were being released to scholars. Many of these—and particularly the documents that concerned the play of politics at the centre—had been studied or published already. The more intensive research into the whole mass of papers deflected attention to what I should call the hinterland of politics, the more seamy side of the story, the part that related to local influence and private interests. It is true that the preoccupations and importunities of scholars may partly be the reason why a certain type of document becomes available, or acquires particular prestige, in a certain period. In reality it is these two things together that can lead the historian to create a certain kind of historical world and lock himself inside it.

Namier's *Structure of Politics* required much detailed work, and an endless hunt for further private papers to complete the picture. It meant examining elections and constituencies in detail; and acquiring a knowledge of individual people in a multitude of localities. Even before his main book had appeared in 1929, this programme had decided his future course as a historian.

English History Made by Families

In 1930 he wrote that 'English history, and especially English Parliamentary history, is made by families rather than by individuals'. Four years earlier, he had sent to the *Morning Post* some hints for amateur writers of family history, and had pointed out that 'the history of manor-houses was the political history of England'. In 1928—before the appearance of his *Structure of Politics*—he had published an essay entitled 'The Biography of Ordinary Men'. Here he called attention to the need for lives of members of great trading companies, and of the directing people at the East India house. Most of all, however, he pressed for biographies of all the members of the House of Commons at any given period. A certain Mr. Pink, whom Namier describes as 'one of the greatest antiquaries of our time', had 'collected biographical material about the Members of the Long Parliament, but died without having published anything on the subject'. Namier wanted a co-operative enterprise, an editorial board of experts, 'financed from national resources' and 'working under the auspices of a Parliamentary Committee'. In his researches on the structure of politics he had himself been collecting materials for the biography of many 'ordinary people'; so he was bound to be a leading figure when the plan for the History of Parliament was later set on foot.

That project is of momentous importance to all students of English history. Yet in spite of the technical difficulties of a task which must have needed his drive and his leadership, I wonder if I am the only person in the country who wishes that, after 1930, he had worked rather on great statesmen not too near the present time, or produced a narrative of higher politics—including governmental policy—in the reign of George III. Indeed, sometimes I wish that all the constituencies and elections and Members of Parliament in George III's reign had been exhaustively treated, so that we could return to political history again—to the study of statesmanship and things that enlarge the mind.

It is possible that Namier himself, even while he kept his imaginative flair, became constricted by the technique he used

and the kind of historical world that chiefly absorbed him. When one reads his earliest volume of essays one finds him almost romantic in the faith that he seems to have had in the power of ideas. One of the pieces is entitled 'The Victory of an Idea', and it begins by saying that Masaryk and Benes, when they took up the Czechoslovakian cause, 'had nothing to build on except an idea'. Another article describes Theodor Herzl 'going the round of the Jewish multi-millionaires . . . rightly explaining to them that munificent charity, unless guided by a great idea, tends to pauperize the recipient'. Still another article tells us that: 'Anchored in the Bible and the Promised Land, we Jews look back to three thousand years of a national existence focused on one idea'. His own long period of Zionist zeal showed that he himself was in the grip of an idea.

Reaction against a Too Ideological Attitude

When dealing with George III's reign, however, Namier was reacting against a Whig interpretation which meant a too ideological treatment of political history—a too ideological attitude to politics in general. On this particular issue, I have always felt that he 'had wiser things to say than perhaps any other historian of his time'. In 1930, he wrote:

No great historical problem has ever been settled by means of a brilliant idea—an invention in the sphere of politics—when its solution was not latent in circumstances; but many a problem has found settlement by not being pressed at such a moment.

This thesis was no doubt congenial to Namier's conservatism; but I, who have never been a political Conservative, still find myself in sympathy with it, if I understand it properly. I think he went too far, however, in depreciating the part played by thinkers like Locke, Bolingbroke, and Burke in the formation of the eighteenth-century outlook, and even the development of the idea and the consciousness of party. He went too far in his brilliant thesis that the actions of men acquire their rationality and purposefulness only in the thinking that is done after the event.

Here the book that is in question is another important one, published in 1930 under the title: *England in the Age of the American Revolution*. In a sense it was complementary to *The Structure of Politics*—the first volume of what Namier later described as 'a chronological narrative of political events or constitutional developments'. There is surprisingly little of actual narrative in the book, however; and the most considerable piece of chronological story is the final section of over 150 pages, entitled 'Bute and Newcastle'. Covering the years of crucial controversy 1760-63, it might be taken to illustrate a thing very relevant to the ordinary student: namely, the effect that the new view of England's political structure might have on the straight narrative history of the time.

I have always been unhappy that, particularly in a work that was intended to bring a new interpretation of George III's reign, Namier separated the world of petty politics so largely from the world of what I should call high politics. I am a little afraid that we may soon be sliding into the assumption that it is the petty intrigues which matter—that questions of statesmanship and governmental policy are just the things to be left out of our political history. In any case, since the famous resignations of Pitt and Newcastle were connected with foreign policy, I am surprised that Namier treated the diplomatic side of the story in a very perfunctory way. There are other examples in English history to show that when foreign policy is involved in an internal crisis in England, it can cut so deep that the home situation is misunderstood if the diplomacy is treated as merely peripheral. In 1762 the Duke of Newcastle's colleague, Lord Hardwicke, had no capricious desire to disrupt the ministry, for he wanted his sons to enjoy the plums of office. Yet it was he who stated the magnitude of the issue of foreign policy at this period, urging that our abandonment of Prussia would alienate the Russians, and predicting just that diplomatic isolation which England in fact had to suffer for over two decades. We need the over-all story if we are to be able to weigh events like the resignation of Newcastle.

Namier used a raw method of narration, convenient for technical historians who like to have their materials neat; but I am not sure that even technical historians do not need to be warned

about its dangers. What he gives us is chiefly a dense patch-work of quotations from contemporary letters, and so on. But, in the first place, when high spots from such documents are telescoped into a short space, and not accompanied by exposition—not accompanied by a type of narrative that is more than factual—then the craziness of human beings tends to be accentuated by reason of what has been left out. We are liable to lose sight of that nine-tenths of a man which is more normal human nature. I wonder if many people have not come to feel that the world of 1760 was sillier than the world of most other periods (and full of sillier people) because of the danger that lies in this technique so long as the historian is withholding himself from part of his function. In reality you will find that the fuller reproduction of letters between Hardwicke and Newcastle in Yorke's *Life of Hardwicke* makes the story look at least a little more sane.

In any case, it is Namier himself who, in the book that we are discussing, invites us not 'to believe that the wishes of men . . . are expressed in their utterances'. Quotations from writers can be isolated and set out in such a manner as to encourage a too literalistic interpretation of them. To the technical historian I would say that history is not to be produced by drawing direct lines between one document and another, for each must be referred back to a man and a mind from which it came. Particularly in the world of politics it happens to be the case that men say things and write things with what I should call a 'tactical' intent. If you take these as a record of a man's opinions, you are bound to get the contradictions which made Namier feel that here was the craziness of what he called 'historical comedy'. Because I see a tactical intent in some of the remarks men made about the constitution, I personally tend to discount those remarks. Sometimes I think he accepted them as straight evidence about the constitution.

A Sense for the Absent Evidence

There are two further things that I want to say about the use of sources, and both of them are connected with the danger of literalism. First of all, I doubt whether history can be properly written unless one has a sort of sense for the evidence that is not there. Secondly, each document requires one to conduct a special transaction with it, and needs to be interpreted in the light of everything else that can be gathered round it. When eighteenth-century fathers write bitterly about the egotism of their sons, we must not imagine that here we have evidence for the selfishness of the younger man. Once everything is put together, we may need actually to invert the construction of the passage in question. It may turn out to be only additional evidence of the father's own egotism. In any case, I like very much two sentences that Namier himself wrote in 1927, and they are relevant unless I misconstrue them. He said:

History, when viewed in terms of pure ideas, becomes a record of human folly. But men are seldom so absurd as words make them appear.

I do not think that either George III or Newcastle will turn out

The Coming Republic of South Africa

S. A. Cilliers, a South African lawyer, and Mark Prestwich, Senior Lecturer in History and Political Studies at Natal University, are broadcasting talks on political trends in South Africa on the eve of the inauguration of the Republic on May 31; these will be published in

THE LISTENER

and B.B.C. Television Review

The first will appear next week

quite so absurd as they are made to appear, provided one does not over-press the thesis that men's actions acquire their rationality only *ex post facto*, and provided one accepts the fact that, behind the hesitations and contradictions of men there is generally, at some level, a certain stability of mind and purpose. The standing evidence for this element of stable purpose needs to be weighed against the day-by-day evidence which often shows only the cross-purposes and vacillations.

One's impression of the tremendous power of Namier is increased when one finds him in another role—that of the writer on contemporary events. Once again, the volume and range of his knowledge were amazing, and he seemed to comprise within himself another kind of historian, writing racily and fluently, in a brilliant style that was better than the journalistic—a style that was an admirable instrument for polemic. Here was a story, moreover, which lit the fires of his profoundly passionate nature. He put his chief work into the years before the outbreak of the second world war, and pounced upon the memoirs and documents that came before the public when the war was over.

The two Namiers are connected, however; for his work on the reign of George III had made him a most penetrating critic of memoirs; and there were many of these in Europe after 1945. Having an extraordinary memory, he could collate the materials in one source with those in the other sources, spotting detailed discrepancies, and disposing of authors in a withering manner. There was a further sense, however, in which the two Namiers were joined together. Even in the midst of controversy, he could take a distant stand, pausing for a moment, and seeing recent events with the eye of a later historian. He caught a glimpse of what later generations might see, and wrote for a moment once again like a pitying God. There is a moving example of this in an essay entitled 'Memoirs born of defeat', prefixed to some reviews of autobiographical works in the book *Europe in Decay*. At such points as this, even the rhythm of the prose becomes

different. He calls attention to a kind of history which appears 'to dwarf the persons, actions, and responsibilities' of individuals. He says that if individuals would turn away from themselves and look at the larger tragedy, 'their own lives and failures would appear as what they are: as part of the tragedy'. He ends, therefore, by writing:

There is a great deal to be said in defence of the French statesmen and generals of the inter-war period, but on a plane different from that on which most of them choose to argue the case.

Glimpses of this larger tragedy break into his criticism of the memoir-writers, where he is dealing with events at a different level. He insists, for example, that where the heart of a people is wrong no single statesman can rectify the situation by decisions taken in the void. I wonder whether he would have agreed with me that if a country insists on remaining disarmed while others are arming, its diplomacy can never be right—it would not have been right even if some 'other thing', indeed the very opposite thing, had been done. If on some occasions he was extravagant about the craziness and 'comedy' of history, I like best the deeper note that he had when—better than most people—he saw the element of tragedy. But even a man as brilliant as he could hardly have written the history of the nineteen-thirties at this level at so early a date.

For this reason I prefer his impressive little volume entitled 1848, *The Revolution of the Intellectuals*. Here, once again, his passions are involved—for he was a man whom many things in life had hurt, and sometimes he wanted to be formidable, not realizing that he was the master of all of us when he looked on the world with love. But in this book, he dealt with a number of countries, so that the passions somewhat pulled against one another, achieving a sort of poise. Once again the range of scholarship, supported by his wide knowledge of languages, was enormous. But it was just like him to end the book by describing the German revolution as 'that playful cow'.—*Third Programme*

A New Pain

When you have gone, I sit and wait, diminished
More than I ever was when quite alone.
Where nothing started, nothing need be finished;
Something of love I learn when you have gone,

Something I never knew before; I mean
The ache, the rending and the dispossession.
When I was quite alone I felt no keen
Edge of the blade, the other side of passion.

Absence becomes almost a presence since
It casts so deep a shadow on my mind:
No trivial lights will comfort or convince,
I lack your way of looking and am blind.

But when you come expectedly, it is
As if more absences than one were cast
Into oblivion. Present ecstasies
Thrive on the very anguish of the past.

ELIZABETH JENNINGS

Ducking-pond

How amazed the minnows when
Their green-scum ceiling fell
And through dank weeds,
With billowing skirts a-swell,
Through searchlights of bent sun
Where scattering tiddlers race,
Down through the waters plunged
That hurtling human face;

And when eyes, clamped mouth,
Medusa-writhing head,
Dropped to the bottom of the world,
Bounced on the gravel-bed
And rose with their bubbles up
Through the opalescent glare
And broken roof of green
Out to the gasping air!

CLIVE SANSOM

Camping by the Sea

Awaking to moonlight and stars
all's within reach that's in sight
daytime distances are
annulled by the night

Both identities drown
where the sea receives the stream
here in the dunes before dawn
nestles the infinite dream

Fulfilment ambles close
as the tide deceives the shore
all is granted and grows
that has been denied before

One can't demand auguries
from such a night safely for soon
morning will put out its eyes
and swallow the moon

KAREN GERSHON

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

What is History?

Sir,—My friend Mr. E. H. Carr is to be congratulated on casting off the cloak of anonymity which he has so often worn when castigating his opponents. Miss Wedgwood has effectively replied to his charges in THE LISTENER of May 4; Professor Karl Popper is well able to look after himself; and I should like to deal only with the charges that Mr. Carr has thus far made against me (hitherto his frequent but uncomplaining victim) in your pages. Mr. Carr chooses to maintain that, according to me (1) determinism must be false; (2) historians should not look for causes of human action; (3) it is the positive duty of historians to give good and bad marks to the principal personages whose acts they discuss. Mr. Carr speaks of this as nonsense and complains that my 'disciples' are responsible for diffusing it. I am most curious to know who these mysterious disciples are, or where they spread their pernicious doctrines. As for the views attributed to me, the last two seem both naïve and strange; I know of no one today who asserts either. Certainly, I do not hold any of these opinions. What I have argued is that (a) if determinism is true, as it may be, certain disturbing implications follow, which few determinists have seen, and fewer still have tried to face; (b) a number of very poor reasons have been advanced in support of determinism (among them some excellent specimens supplied in these lectures by Mr. Carr); (c) historians who make impersonal forces responsible for what men have done are guilty of a fallacy; those who refrain from all value judgments, even by implication, gratuitously deprive themselves of a normal right of men in free societies; while those who, in a fanatical pursuit of an amoral objectivity, seek to rob the words used by most historians (including Mr. Carr) of all trace of the evaluative force (moral or other) which they have in common speech, are recommending an impossible remedy for a non-existent disease.

These propositions I have defended in the past and should be prepared to defend again. Since they are not those which Mr. Carr ascribes to me, it is (fortunately for me and your readers) unnecessary to repeat my arguments here. Still, it is no bad thing that Mr. Carr should have shown us how he deals with one of the deepest and most agonising issues in the history of thought. His prose is always clear, vigorous and agreeable, and liable to no such misunderstanding as my own seems to have occasioned in the mind of Mr. Carr. But his short way with the problem of individual freedom and responsibility (the 'dead horse' which, in Mr. Carr's horrifying metaphor, Professor Popper and I 'have flogged into life') is a warning to us all of what may happen to those who, no matter how learned or perspicacious, venture into regions too distant from their own.

Mr. Carr speaks of his indulgence towards my follies. I am glad to reciprocate by offering him my sympathy as he gropes his way in the difficult, treacherous and unfamiliar field of philosophy of history.—Yours, etc.,

Oxford

ISAIAH BERLIN

Sir,—Surely Mr. E. H. Carr is begging the question in criticizing Professor Popper's views on historical determinism. Professor Popper does not so far as I know dispute that historical events have causes which are determinable. What he maintains, and this is an entirely different question, is that such determinants are not and indeed cannot be apparent before the event. It is therefore impossible to prophesy future from past historical events. The logical proof for this is clearly stated in the introduction to *The Poverty of Historicism*.—Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.3

P. EISLER

Men in Motor-cars

Sir,—The case against the indiscriminate use of the private motor-car and for the revival of public transport has been brilliantly summed up by Mr. J. M. Richards (THE LISTENER,

May 11). It only remains to show that his picture of a modern community taking justified pride in its public transport is not a Utopian scheme incompatible with a prosperous society. A visit to Switzerland, with its splendid railways and clean cities, is indicated as a tonic for anyone tired of a life in which too many motor-cars are chasing too few pedestrians. It is true that the Swiss have cheap hydro-electric power—but then we have plentiful deposits of cheap coal which can be used most economically in power stations near the pitheads. Instead of priding ourselves on having created a road traffic chaos second only to that prevailing in the United States, let us rather remember that we are about to become the only West European affluent society without an efficient railway system. It is not too late to remedy this state of affairs, but it will require a concentrated and sustained effort, and a readiness to increase the proportion of national investment in public transport.

Yours, etc.,

Henley-on-Thames

RALF BONWIT

Sir,—I would like to pay tribute to Mr. J. M. Richards's courageous exposure of the misuse of the motor-car, and especially to his realistic plea for the greater appreciation of public transport. In the plight of public transport on land we see the ego of the individual taking precedence over the concept of gracious living. If we rethink the situation of railways for example we realize beyond doubt that no other method of transport is intrinsically able to carry so many people or so much freight with less disturbance to the tranquillity of the areas passed through, or their natural amenities, or with greater safety.

To destroy the image of railways as an old-fashioned service on its way out is of first importance. We should realize that it is a mistake to consider roads and railways as opposites, and that actually a railway is a supremely developed roadway. The quantity of Victorian fixed equipment, built when structures were made to last, disguises this fact and has allowed the fallacy to gain ground that railways have had their day. Ideally we should accept and claim our railway system as the nation's primary transport, with well-integrated road services feeding the stations and rail heads.

I am convinced that one very effective way of leading people to revalue railways lies in encouraging touring our hundreds of miles of very scenic line. Matured as part of the landscape these are a valuable potential. Lecturing recently about railways I was told, at the close, of a certain heavy critic of rail travel being persuaded to take a trip on one of the deservedly popular circular tour trains in North Wales. It led to a complete change in his image of railways. These facilities offer a most effective inducement to the convinced private motorist and have a value to the future of public transport out of all proportion to their immediate commercial return.

Yours, etc.,

Huddersfield

WILLIAM B. STOCKS

Sir,—Mr. J. M. Richards is so right in his talk. May I put forward another aspect to do with 'women' in motor-cars?

In ordinary families the woman usually bolsters up the idea of 'needing a car', but not always for reasons of glamour or social superiority—more for the luxury of rest and convenience. How many women spend hours shopping each day and then standing in bus queues in all weathers at the mercy of inefficient services; of standing inside buses packed like sardines, with shopping bags and small children, and with other people pushing and struggling to get on and off? After this daily toil most women secretly long for the luxury of a car.

On the other hand how different it could be if more were done to improve public transport (there are always the very young and the very old for whom it is essential). Three main needs

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Finally, as we get older (beyond our 'teens!') we should seriously consider using our bicycles more—and press for more cycle stands in shopping centres.—Yours, etc.,

Middlesbrough

JOAN EADINGTON

The Royal Academy

Sir,—Mr. Keith Sutton refers in 'Round the London Art Galleries' (THE LISTENER, May 11) to certain artists as being 'willing to forgo an Academic pension'. Membership of the Royal Academy does not, of course, carry with it eligibility either for a pension or any other emolument. Perhaps Mr. Sutton will explain what he means.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.1.

HUMPHREY BROOKE

Secretary, Royal Academy of Arts

Mr. Auerbach's Painting

Sir,—Mr. Basil Taylor and Mr. Kitchin are quite right to defend themselves against my rash generalizations. It is true that Mr. Kitchin did say some appreciative things about Primrose Hill mud in Mr. Auerbach's painting. It is also true that if I had read Mr. Taylor's monologue I would have qualified my opinion that it was negative. However, one does not read this programme. One listens to it. Therefore surely one's overall impression, gathered from what one hears, matters. And several people who read my letter in THE LISTENER have told me that they had exactly the same impression as I had. If critics use words like *dung*—or *dung-coloured*—and *horrible*—as happened in this programme—naturally they leave a strong impression on the listener's mind.

Mr. Kitchin produces an extraordinary sentence which defies paraphrase: 'Perhaps even my [Mr. Kitchin's] admiration may be less harmful to Mr. Auerbach than that of a supporter who thinks most writers are indifferent to the visual arts'. What sort of sense does this make? Because I think that the writer who exclaims that Mr. Auerbach's work is 'horrible' may be indifferent to the visual arts, then it follows that my admiration is doing Mr. Auerbach harm? I do not understand the logic of this argument. I think I might dare to consider that most writers are indifferent to painting without fearing that the audacity of such a thought somehow undermined Mr. Auerbach, Mr. Francis Bacon, Mr. Graham Sutherland, and others. Surely it is true that before the first world war, Ezra Pound, Wyndham Lewis, Middleton Murry (through his friendship with Gaudier and Gertler), D. H. Lawrence, and several others considered that contemporary painting and literature were part of the same modern movement, and surely it is true also that our liveliest poets and playwrights do not show a similar interest in painting today.

Before he rushes back to say that this thought is harmful to painters would Mr. Kitchin kindly take a look at Ezra Pound's *Letters*, and perhaps at H. S. Ede's *Life of Gaudier Brzeska*, and then ask himself whether it is not extraordinary that in 1961 writers should discuss, say, work of Kandinsky done in 1911, as though the problems of abstract painting had only just occurred to them, if one takes into consideration the awareness of poets and literary critics to such painting fifty years ago? I thought that Basil Taylor was excellent on Kandinsky, but may I dare to say that I was a little disappointed with the discussion.

I would like to add that this is the only programme I listen to regularly, and my criticism of the critics is really the result of feeling involved in their arguments.—Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.1

STEPHEN SPENDER

Composers or Computers?

Sir,—I certainly agree with Mr. Walker's point, raised in his letter (THE LISTENER, May 11), that the idea of the twelve-note method emerged from Schönberg's musical practice. How-

ever it is not particularly relevant to my original observation: the twelve-note method had to be formally defined, at least in the mind of the composer, *before* a work could be composed according to its principles. The law must be known before it can be strictly followed; how it came to be evolved is a separate problem altogether.

Mr. Walker's assertion that 'music is either comprehensible or it isn't' seems to be both a simplification and outside the point at issue. Comprehensibility is a subjective quality depending as much upon the listener as upon the music, and it is not a very useful criterion for judging musical worth. What is incomprehensible *musically* about rock and roll?

The belief that predetermination in composing makes communication more difficult is one which Mr. Walker attributes to me; I am unable to reply until he explains what it means.

Finally, I cannot account for 'acknowledged serial masterpieces' or any other masterpieces, nor do I have any 'precise objections' to serialism. But the emphasis placed on pre-compositional techniques by the avant-garde gives me certain misgivings. These, albeit imprecise, forebodings about the future of composition Mr. Walker can find in my original talk.

Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.6

PHILIP LAIRD

Schönberg's Ideas

Sir,—Since Mr. Frankel has announced his valedictory contribution to our discussion, perhaps you will allow me to address to him the courtesy of a rejoinder.

Mr. Frankel cannot have it both ways. He cannot request a non-theoretical view of Schönberg's work and then, finding the associations I submitted distasteful, perform a virtuoso *volte face* and demand a consideration of his work from a strictly musical viewpoint. Mr. Frankel knows as well as I do that this cannot be provided. None of us knows what music is, none of us can describe the musical experience in literary terms—not surprisingly since, by their nature, the expressive ranges of music are beyond definition in words. Goodness knows that the inevitably clumsy attempts to find literary equivalents for the phenomenon of music have merely resulted in throwing sand in our eyes, and I thought the pursuit of this ideal had long been discredited, ever since a memorable exchange between Gounod and Victor Hugo on the subject of *Lohengrin*. Hoping, like Mr. Frankel, that Wagner's work might yield its secrets in words from an enlightened musician, Hugo felt he could do no better than probe Gounod on this matter. Gounod reflected deeply, then turned to his illustrious companion and said, 'This music is octagonal'. Whereupon Hugo, in a flash: '*J'allais vous le dire!*' (Just what I was going to say!).

Of course it is wholly admirable to press upon the public the object of one's musical admiration, but to do so some kind of verbal encouragement is desirable. Mr. Frankel wants none of this. He wants more and more contemplation of the music alone, in the belief that Schönberg was a genius and from the conviction that eventually the light must come.

I do not believe that this is enough. If, as Mr. Frankel suggests, I am less thoroughly acquainted with Schönberg's works than he is, I have certainly known them longer than he has, and in fact I think I may, at last, be beginning to see the light. (You see that by comparison with Schönberg, in whose pronouncements which I am said to ignore the claim is made that he has discovered the secret for the domination of German music for the next hundred years, I profess to be only a very humble man.) I regret that it is not the light seen by Mr. Frankel, but I am sure he would not want to monopolize the illumination of Schönberg's work.

Let me, finally, strike a bargain with Mr. Frankel. If he will allow me to pursue any association that comes to my mind, musical or otherwise, in the hope of discovering the nature of a phenomenon that is still baffling to the vast majority of musicians, I will undertake never again to mention, in connexion with Schönberg, those wicked prophets Nietzsche and Thomas Mann who, judging by his unceasing attacks on them, appear to be causing him unnecessary nightmares.

Yours, etc.,

London, W.9

EDWARD LOCKSPEISER

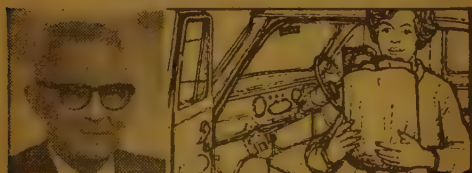


Reed Paper Group's growth into world markets

Unlimited growth in paper markets

WHICH ARE THE COUNTRIES TO WATCH?

AUSTRALIA EXPECTS "50% increase in next 10 years!"



Mr. Ray Z. de Ferranti, Chairman of Reed Paper Products (Holdings) Ltd., says:

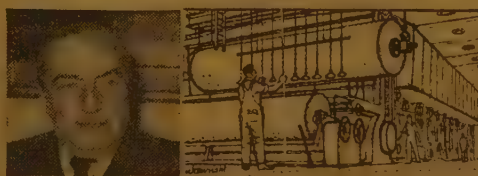
"Australia is a nation with an exploding population. About 7½ million in 1945, it has now reached 10½ million and, if present trends continue, in ten years' time will be nearly 13 million people. More than half of these will be under 30 years of age.

"To keep pace with the needs of this growing population, Australian manufacturing industry has spent more than £880 million on new equipment in the last 5 years.

"Growth has brought prosperity and high living standards. Australians have a personal disposable income of £352 compared with £293 in the United Kingdom.

"Figures tell only part of the story. There have been big changes in merchandising. The growth of Self Service Stores—they handle more than half of all grocery sales though they represent only 5 per cent of stores—has stimulated the presentation of consumer goods in colourful well designed packages. This has lifted paper sales. Australians are now using about 800,000 tons of paper and paper products a year. Over the next ten years consumption is expected to increase 40 to 50 per cent."

ITALY SAYS "Demand may double by 1970"



Dr. Luigi Bruno, President of La Centrale Finanziaria Generale S.p.A. of Milan, Italy's leading finance corporation, says:

"In answer to the challenge of a market of 170 million people, brought about by the Common Market, Italian industrial output, although still at a lower level than that of the other member countries, is now making more rapid progress than the rest of 'The Six'.

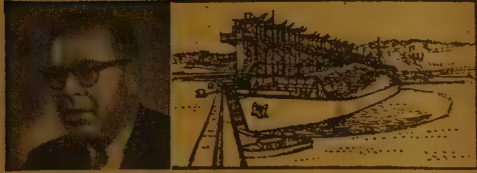
"Largely because of the demand for industrial and consumer packaging, the Italian paper and board industry is growing at the rate of about 12 per cent each year.

"The Italian today uses on average only 60 lb. of paper and paper products compared with the average for the rest of the Common Market of about 140 lb. This emphasises the vast potential for the Italian paper industry, mainly in connection with the industrialization of the South which will bring about a further improvement of the standards of life for people living in those areas—together with a widening of business opportunity.

"It is to meet this demand—that may well be doubled in ten years—that we have jointly established SICAR with the Reed Paper Group to create a vertically integrated packaging organization."

CANADIAN OUTLOOK

"Huge market potential"



Mr. Bill Soles, President of Anglo-Canadian Pulp and Paper Mills, says:

"Canada, supplying a strong and growing domestic market, is also the world's largest exporter of pulp and paper. It is, after the U.S.A., the second largest producer of these commodities. Abundant supplies of pulpwood and power, and proximity to the large U.S. market, have led to the development of an industry equipped with large modern plants and utilizing up-to-date techniques.

"In addition to a huge market potential in the highly developed economies of the North American continent, Canada is well placed to supply a major part of world requirements. This is particularly true of the Western hemisphere, where the Latin and South American markets are expected to mirror the vigorous growth experienced in Europe.

"In estimates recently prepared by the U.N. Food and Agriculture Organization, it is anticipated that demand will double in

these areas in the 20-year period, from 1955 to 1975. In total volume the increase in North and Latin America will be twice that in Western Europe. Our Company (which is part of the Reed Paper Group) serves all these markets, and plans to participate in their growth to the fullest possible extent."

BRITAIN STATES

"Britain's prospects are bright"



Mr. Hector G. Paul, Chief Executive and Director of the Paper and Board Division of the Reed Paper Group, comments:

"Last year, on average, each of Britain's 52 million people used two cwt. of paper products. Demand today for paper and board is 96 per cent higher than 10 years ago. This rate of increase will be maintained and indicates a bright future.

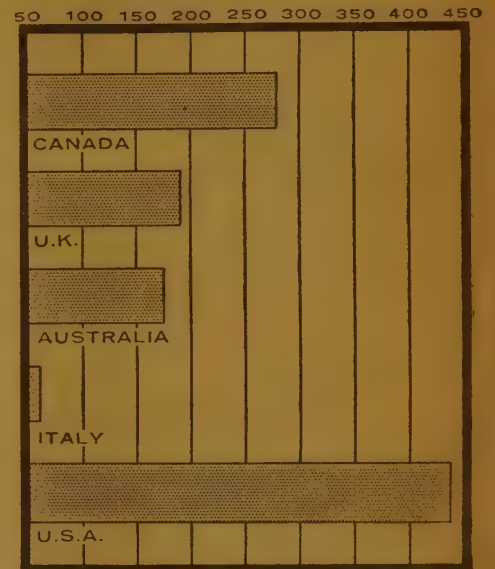
"Last year the output of the British paper industry increased by 11 per cent as against only marginal rises in other industries. Increased demand for packaging by the clothing and food industries more than offset the temporary fall in

demand by others—such as domestic electrical appliances.

"We are still a long way behind the U.S.A. average consumption of paper of nearly four cwt. per head—and this underlines the enormous potential in the U.K.

"The growth factors are tremendous. Even more paper is needed for commerce, industry and publications of all kinds. New packaging techniques are being developed, and the growing versatility of paper products ensures that this trend will continue in the coming years."

Paper consumption in lbs. per head of population in 1959



"NEARLY £30 MILLION INVESTED OVERSEAS—SO FAR"

says Mr. Philip G. Walker,

Managing Director of the Reed Paper Group.

"The Reed Group is already anticipating a surge in demand for paper, board and packaging products over the next ten years as forecast by our experts—for instance 50 per cent in Australia, 25 per cent in Canada and 100 per cent in Italy.

"In Australia we are one of the leading makers of packaging products.

"Anglo-Canadian Pulp and Paper Mills Limited, valued at \$65 million (approximately £24 million), is one of the largest pulp and paper manufacturers in Canada, most of its products being exported to the U.S.A.

"In Italy we are in partnership with La

Centrale, one of Italy's most progressive organizations. There, in addition to our paper and board converting activities, we are building a carton board mill.

"With our partners Sande Tresliperi A/S in Norway we are already well advanced in the construction of a £2½ million pulp and paper mill for the production of corrugating material.

"In our overseas partnerships, we add our technical, research and production experience to our associates' invaluable knowledge of local markets.

"All these overseas interests apart from their own intrinsic value, give the Reed Paper Group a basis on which to grow in each of the main trading areas of the Free World—the Dollar Market, the Commonwealth, the Common Market and the European Free Trade Area.

"They represent so far a total overseas investment approaching £30 million."

REED PAPER GROUP

A world-wide partnership
producing pulp, paper, board and packaging.

B.B.C. NEWS HEADLINES

May 10-16

Wednesday, May 10

Welsh miners say they will go on strike if the Government allows American coal to be imported by the Steel Company of Wales

Shah orders dissolution of Persian Parliament following Prime Minister's warning that country is facing bankruptcy owing to 'large-scale corruption in the expenditure of Government funds'

A French airliner crashes in the Sahara: all seventy-eight occupants are killed

Postmaster-General again rejects request by B.B.C. for permission to operate colour television service on present line standard

Thursday, May 11

The Prime Minister announces that there is to be a full-scale inquiry into the country's security

Lord Home, the Foreign Secretary, flies to Geneva to represent Britain at the fourteen-nation conference on Laos

The borough elections in England and Wales show a big swing towards the Conservatives

Friday, May 12

A British civilian is shot dead in a street in Kyrenia, Cyprus

A dawn-to-dusk curfew is to be imposed on all Africans in certain areas of the Rift Valley province in Kenya following the murder of a European woman

Saturday, May 13

Five former Persian generals are reported to have been arrested on charges of corruption

Representatives of the rival factions meeting in Laos reach formal agreement on a general cease-fire

Two of the three unions involved in the strike of trawlermen at Grimsby, which started five weeks ago, agree to return to work

Sunday, May 14

European farmers in Kenya send two delegates to Britain to voice to the Government their fears of a renewal of Mau Mau terrorism

Monday, May 15

A power failure causes a complete black-out over a wide area of southern England

It is announced that Lord Radcliffe is to be Chairman of the Committee of Inquiry into security

Tuesday, May 16

Minister of Power tells Commons that there is to be an immediate committee of inquiry to investigate Monday's power failure

Colonial Secretary says there is no evidence that recent crimes of violence in Kenya were committed by people connected with Mau Mau



Mr. Dean Rusk, American Secretary of State (right), taking his leave of Mr. Andrei Gromyko, Russian Foreign Minister, after conversations in Geneva on May 13. After private discussions between delegates to the fourteen-nation conference on Laos, agreement was reached on the seating of the three rival representatives of Laos, and the conference opened on May 16



To dominate the skyline of London: the 387-foot Vickers House nearing completion on Millbank; in the foreground is the Tate Gallery



Indian troops who are to serve with the international control commission for Laos, photographed at Saigon airport, South Vietnam, last week, on their way to Vientiane, administrative capital of Laos



Gary Cooper, the film actor, who died in Hollywood on May 13, aged sixty. He was the son of an Englishman who had emigrated to Montana and started his film career as an 'extra' in 'Westerns', playing his first lead in 1926 in a silent film, 'Arizona Bound'. Most famous for his cowboy parts, he also had a gift for restrained light comedy; he was one of the few film actors to retain his popularity for more than thirty years. Among his many successes were 'Morocco', 'Man of the West', 'Farewell to Arms', 'Mr. Deeds Goes to Town', 'For Whom the Bell Tolls', and 'High Noon'. His last film, 'The Naked Edge', was made in England last year



The scene in the British war cemetery outside Athens on May 10 as the Duke of Gloucester unveiled a memorial to 3,000 Commonwealth servicemen killed in Greece and Yugoslavia during the last war. The names are inscribed on eight marble panels

Right: Princess Anne presenting a cup to Tessa and Angela Martin-Bird, the winners of the Pair of Children's Ponies event at the Royal Windsor Horse Show last Saturday



bombers which took part in Exercise 'Mayflight' last week, designed to test Britain's defences: a photograph taken at Scampton Royal Air Force Station, Lincolnshire, during the exercise



a Great Eagle owl at the London Zoo with her triplets which are just over a month old; the owlets retain their fluffy appearance for about four months

FABER BOOKS

Britain in World Affairs

LORD STRANG. A survey of the fluctuations in British power and influence, Henry VIII to Elizabeth II. 'It would be difficult to exaggerate the permanent value of this book.'—**DAILY TELEGRAPH.** (Published with André Deutsch.) 30/-

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READER BULLARD. In his vigorous and informal autobiography Sir Reader Bullard draws on his very wide experience of men and affairs over a period of forty years spent in diplomatic service in the Middle East. With 8 pages of plates. 25/-

Friends & Kindred

LOUISA KATHLEEN HALDANE. Memoirs of mid-nineteenth century life in Edinburgh and Oxford. 'In its modest way *Friends and Kindred* is as important a social document as the Paston Letters.'—**LEONARD CLARK, BBC.** With 16 pages of plates. 25/-

Of Music & Music Making

BRUNO WALTER. In this collection of essays Dr Walter presents his views on a large variety of musical subjects, born of a lifetime's experience. With musical examples. 30/-

Stanislavsky on the Art of the Stage

DAVID MAGARSHACK has revised his translation of Stanislavsky for this new edition. He has also added a long Preface on the Method school and its relation to Stanislavsky's System. With 8 pages of plates. 30/-

An Introduction to Chinese Art

MICHAEL SULLIVAN. A complete survey of the arts of China, major and minor, from the Stone Age to the establishment of the People's Republic. With 100 plates, 4 in colour, and several maps and diagrams. 50/-

Ancient Egypt

HERMANN KEES. A comprehensive geographical survey of Egypt in ancient times by one of the foremost living German Egyptologists. The English version has been edited by Mr T. G. H. James of the Department of Egyptian Antiquities at the British Museum. With 46 photographs and 13 maps. 42/-

NELSON BOOKS TO COME

Gibbon's Journey from Geneva to Rome

His Journal from 20 April to 2 October 1764 edited by

GEORGES A. BONNARD A hitherto unpublished work by the author of *The Decline and Fall*: the journal Gibbon kept in French of his tour of Italy in 1764 with William Guise, whose journal, recently discovered, provides a most intriguing *obligato*. Professor G. A. Bonnard of Lausanne introduces and annotates the book in English. 2 colour plates and 10 halftones.

9" x 6½"

June 15

50s

Limited De Luxe Edition on handmade paper, vellum-bound, bevelled boards, gilt top, boxed. £15 15s

Nelson's Atlas of the Universe

By **ERNST** and **Tj E. DE VRIES** edited by **H. E. BUTLER MA PhD** An up-to-date guide to the infinite realms around us. The first part of the book consists of over 200 photographs with long informative captions, a brief history of astronomical studies, and an ever-broadening view of the Universe. The second part describes in alphabetical order all aspects of astronomy and related topics from Ptolemy to Einstein, from the zodiacal constellations to artificial satellites. Edited from the original Dutch edition by Dr. H. E. Butler of the Royal Observatory, Edinburgh. 94 plates, over 200 charts and diagrams in the text.

10½" x 7½"

August 24

42s

Branwell Brontë

WINIFRED GÉRIN This author's life of Anne Brontë must have been the best reviewed work of its kind in 1959. *The Times* called it an 'absorbing and authoritative study'. *The Times Literary Supplement* commented on the 'remarkable vivacity of her picture of Haworth' (where Miss Gérin has for long made her home). Now Miss Gérin has again made use of her unique knowledge of the Brontë family to write a companion volume on Branwell Brontë. 32 pages of halftones. 8½" x 5½"

July 24

35s

The Century of Revolution 1603-1714

CHRISTOPHER HILL MA FRHist.S This book is Volume 5 (and the second to appear) in the new 8-volume Nelson History of England. It is remarkable for the fresh and stimulating individuality of its approach. The subject is covered in four periods, each of them considered under the headings Narrative of Events, Economics, Politics and the Constitution, Religion and Ideas. The illustrations are taken from contemporary portraits, prints and broadsheets. Appendices and an index. 16 half-tone plates. 8½" x 5½"

352pp

June 15

25s

Nelson's Concise World Atlas

J. WREFORD WATSON Professor of Geography at the University of Edinburgh This is a popular atlas for home use, embodying the latest techniques in map-making. It adopts a global approach: each of the main land masses is surveyed first as a whole on a vivid physical map, then as a series of significant regional groupings. A skilful blend of three-dimensional modelling and colour in the physical maps makes you see the land come to life. The general maps show all significant towns together with important routes and basic economic information—coal, iron ore, petroleum and hydro-electricity.

11½" x 8½"

vxi + 60pp

published

18s

Summer Books

American Retrospect

By MAX BELOFF

IN the deeply perceptive set of lectures delivered at Rutgers University and now published as *America in the Modern World* (Hamish Hamilton, 15s.), Professor D. W. Brogan began by calling attention to the fact that Americans live in 'a world they never made', and suggested that one cause of the bewilderment with which many Americans face the problems of the present is their own view of the uniqueness and separateness of the American destiny—a primal innocence now called into question by their ever-increasing involvement in world affairs. The new Republic, heralded on both sides of the Atlantic as a portent of better things for all mankind, is not finding itself any longer universally admired; rather the contrary. Any collection of books about American history, even one selected by so random a criterion as the dates of publication, can afford material to answer the question of what went wrong. Or was uniqueness indeed an illusion from the beginning?

'If', as Professor Russel Blaine Nye writes in *The Cultural Life of the New Nations* (Hamish Hamilton, 35s.), his lucid and learned introduction to American cultural life in the first two generations of independence, 'a majority of eighteenth-century Americans agreed on one idea, it was probably the perfectibility of man and the prospect of his progress'. And from the point of view of the internal development of the new society, of the growth of social and cultural institutions, of the establishment of an ordered but democratic form of government, and to a lesser extent in the domain of literature and the arts, such optimism seemed well justified in the period he treats. On the other hand, political innocence was not, even then. In *The Federalist Era, 1789-1801* (Hamish Hamilton, 35s.), Mr. John C. Miller, dealing in detail with the events and personalities of the first decade after the establishment of the Federal Constitution, shows how rapidly some of the assumptions of the optimists were confounded. The party that had secured the passage of the Constitution rapidly split apart over questions of its implementation. The co-authors of the *Federalist* found themselves in opposed political camps. Party organization and party spirit grew apace, and behind party were the longer-lived rivalries and mutual fears not so much of classes as in Europe, as of geographical sections. More important still, so far from America turning its back on the old world, the outbreak of the French Revolution sucked it back into the vortex, both because of the problems in foreign policy and defence set by the revolutionary wars, and because of the impact of the ideological struggle abroad on party politics at home. Mr. Miller has written an admirable account of all this—one of the best volumes so far in the distinguished *New American Nation* series, to which Professor Nye's book and Professor Louis Filler's *The Crusade against Slavery* (Hamish Hamilton, 35s.) also belong.

Both Mr. Miller and Professor Nye from their different points of view cannot avoid the impact upon American society from the earliest times of Negro slavery, and its unequal place in the different sections. The rise of what Professor Nye calls 'the aggressive, emotionalized, cotton-and-slave aristocracy of South Carolina and Mississippi' would in any event have prevented American democracy from evolving smoothly towards a Jeffersonian millennium. Nor today can race-relations in the United States be prevented from having their impact on its world position. It is therefore not enough to hold, as the American tradi-

tion does (in Professor Brogan's words), that 'the Civil War was both the punishment of American sin and the justification of faith in America': because the sin has clearly not been expiated. Perhaps people have dwelt insufficiently on the fact that Castro was shown to be a hero in Harlem, and that even the unspeakable Lumumba could raise an echo there.

Nevertheless, the Civil War is a watershed in American history, besides presenting the academic student of the origins of wars with one of the most illuminating if evasive of subjects. So much is made plain in an admirable introduction to its history for English readers, *Civil War in America*, by Mr. Alan Barker (A. and C.



The Appomattox Court House where Lee surrendered to Grant in 1865

From 'The American Civil War' (Cassell)

Black, 18s.). American visitors to this country still seem rather naively and irritatingly surprised that anyone here knows any of their history. When public-school headmasters—busy men—can write books like this which show so up to date a knowledge of the historiography of the subject, we really have very little to blush for. The Civil War has often been pointed to as the first 'modern' war—the first in which railways, the telegraph, preserved provisions and even rudimentary ironclads and balloons played a part. It was also from our point of view interesting in that it was the first major war to have been fought after the invention of photography. For that reason it was a good idea to republish the chapters on *The American Civil War* from Sir Winston Churchill's history of the English-speaking peoples (Cassell, 12s. 6d.) with a selection of contemporary photographs.

Most of Mr. Barker's book is devoted to the causes of the Civil War rather than to its campaigns. In his new study of the pre-war abolitionists, *The Road to Harper's Ferry* (Faber, 30s.), Mr. J. C. Furnas is apparently concerned to prove that they deserve more of the blame than customarily comes their way. It is however not altogether clear all the time what line of argument Mr. Furnas is in fact pursuing, in a heavily documented but rather defiantly literary treatment of his theme. The book begins with a study of the John Brown raid on Harper's Ferry which takes the line (familiar from recent research if not from legend) that Brown was a dangerous near-maniac whom respectable anti-slavery men should have kept clearer of than

they did. He then discusses the conditions in the Africa from which the slaves came, and the slave-trade itself in order to demonstrate the (generally accepted) fact that the white man did not wantonly abstract them from an earthly paradise. He finally investigates the abolitionist movement and in particular its British connexions, making much of the fact that abolition propaganda painted a picture of Negro slavery much closer to the type prevailing in the West Indies than in the Southern States. In view of this, the omission of Professor W. L. Burn's standard work on the subject is the more surprising.

For a full account of pre-war abolitionism with its complex relation to political parties devoted to opposing slavery or at least its further spread, the reader is better advised to study Professor Filler's book. It is a pity perhaps that Mr. Furnas's book makes so much the better reading.

Whatever doubts may be felt by Professor Brogan or others about the adequacy of American political attitudes for the new tasks that America faces, they are not shared by ex-President Harry S. Truman. His new little book, *Mr. Citizen* (Hutchinson, 25s.), a sort of postscript to his memoirs, is full of his usual good sense and unmalicious prejudice. What he has to say about individuals is always worth reading, and it is refreshing to find that it is not only the Kennedy 'egg-heads' who read books. But it is odd that someone who worked so closely with British governments for so long should write: 'In England they have a Privy Council, among whose members are former Prime Ministers and Cabinet ministers. The Privy Council is called upon from time to time to advise the government in major policy matters. In this way the British are able to maintain continuity of government—especially continuity of their foreign policy'. It is odder still that this nonsense slipped past the readers of an eminent British publishing house.

Preserved Crabbe

New Poems by George Crabbe. Edited by Arthur Pollard.
Liverpool University Press. 25s.

IF THE POETS IN ELYSIUM ever consider such earthly vanities, they must tremble at times to think what remains of theirs the resurrection-men of learning may yet drag to light. Occasionally, of course, these excavators strike gold—Traherne, the Boswell Papers, or *The Devil and the Lady* by the boyish Tennyson. There is fine matter in Crabbe's own 'Posthumous Poems' published by his son. But too often this dredging of drawers brings up only small fry. So here, Crabbe might have cared little, robust old realist as he was, that his skull should be sold (so it is said) by a Trowbridge labourer to a publican for half-a-crown; but one scarcely pictures his shade as dancing over the meadow of asphodel at the not very blessed resurrection, after a century and a half, of these fourteen poems.

Still we should not be ungrateful to Mr. Pollard, who has spent on his task no mean amount of life and labour. For the result, if hardly intoxicating, remains interesting. It throws light on Crabbe's methods; adds a few touches to his portrait; and may help to revive the memory, today unduly forgotten, of a poet who could appeal to minds as diverse as Byron, Scott, Newman, Tennyson, Fitzgerald, and Hardy.

These new poems come from seven (or eight?) notebooks owned by Sir John Murray. Two stanzaic narratives tell of fallen maidens (the maid-fall is rather heavy in Crabbe). Two others are in his more Gothick, fantastic vein; but cannot compare with *Sir Eustace Grey*. Another tale, for once in blank verse, shows that in this form, as might have been expected, he can become as wooden as the worst Wordsworth. Three other stories in his familiar couplet seem the best things in the book. In this metre, without being a Pope or a Goldsmith, Crabbe really was at home. Here, as of old, he paints the more sombre sides of Nature and of human nature; here, as of old, his central theme is what Hardy called 'the sad science of renunciation'. But the reader, though not uninterested, may still miss that rugged power and point which hammer Crabbe's best work so deep in the memory. The remaining pieces seem slight.

Yet these manuscripts are curious. Their punctuation, spelling, and grammar appear oddly uncouth—the work of a man patient, indomitable, but rather imperfectly self-educated; who can, for example, misuse 'laid' for 'lay', or (if the text is right) seemingly misaccentuate 'Lenora' (Bürger's Lenore) on its first syllable.

Further, these rough drafts are composed in a strangely skimble-skamble fashion, which not only writes words wrongly, but even writes the wrong words. Naturally Crabbe would have revised; even here, certain refractory passages are drafted and redrafted; but one remains a little surprised to find an autograph so full of corruptions.

This has consequences. The editor seems painstaking, but not impeccable. Books can seldom be perfect; but, apart from certain misprints and inaccuracies, and a rather inadequate commentary, the reader must sometimes emend for himself things that either Crabbe miswrote or Mr. Pollard misread—'where', for instance, into 'whose'; 'what' into 'than'; 'wondered' into 'wandered'; 'imprudent' into 'if prudent'; 'half absenting Smile' into 'half assenting'. In the last line of a poem attacking Byron, the editor chooses from three variants the one that is metrically impossible. Again, a character quotes Spenser in defence of suicide—

"Will Spencer sang, 'When weary Mortals die,
Let none ask How, or whence, or where, or Why.'"

Mr. Pollard comments that 'Will' is not Spenser's Christian name. But may not Crabbe have intended, more forcibly, 'Well Spencer sang'? In any case the inverted commas round Spenser's saying should, logically, be double; for a passage is being quoted by speaker A, who is reported by speaker B.

The last piece is 'A Riddle'.

I walked as it were in a Race,
Yet nothing I gained by my Speed,
But had I sat still in my Place,
I then had gone forward indeed.

Crabbe wrote the answer in his (known) cipher. Mr. Pollard says it is an eight-letter word, but here illegible. Can it have been, conceivably, 'Ambition'?

F. L. LUCAS

Humoresques

The Complete Ronald Firbank. Duckworth. 42s.
Valmouth and other stories

By Ronald Firbank. Penguin. 3s. 6d.

LIKE ANY OTHER WRITER, Ronald Firbank (1886-1926) is not to everybody's taste. 'Either you find entertainment—even food for thought—in the Firbankian Universe', says Mr. Anthony Powell in an excellent introduction to this welcome new omnibus volume, 'or you do not'. There was a time when robust or high-minded readers, so easily bewildered by playfulness, tried to dismiss Firbank as a flippant trifler. The weight of expert opinion to the contrary would make it seem even less intelligent to do so now.

But what is Firbank? A freakish and solitary original and fantast, admittedly, but a master of ellipsis and innuendo. He delighted in the vanity and charming irresponsibility of the pretensions and appetites of many sorts of persons, particularly of women, in the affluent, secure and complacent stratum of late Victorian and Edwardian society familiar to him in his youth. Like Saki, he caught and held for ever some of its lighter tones. As a fictionist (the word *novelist* is somehow too stodgy to apply to so airy a performer) he freed himself completely both from the soft-focus aestheticism and the commonplace realism of his period. As Sir Osbert Sitwell has written, Firbank was remarkable for perfection and for a 'lack of striving earnestness at a time when nearly every author was setting out to air his inward struggles to an unwilling but awed public'.

Firbank went straight to the point. For example, in *Caprice* the stage-struck daughter of a canon runs off to London. She succeeds very quickly in putting on an entirely new production of *Romeo and Juliet* in which she herself effectively plays Juliet, attracting much public attention and applause—but neither the journey to London nor the performance has to be described.

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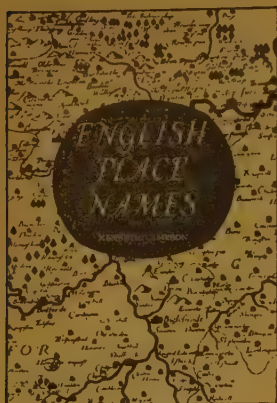
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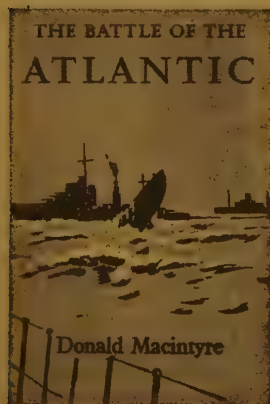
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Whether *Caprice* is, in some ways, the best thing Firbank wrote can now be reconsidered. Mr. Powell thinks it is, and in this opinion is not alone.

How mockingly Firbank's works defy a too serious approach may be discovered by trying to summarize *Vainglory*. But his grotesquerie is inextricable from an often affectionate satire, notably in *Prancing Nigger*, and, as Mr. Augustus John has pointed out, he sometimes 'struck, amidst his excellent persiflage, a chord of deep and heart-rending sentiment'. Such chords are unlikely to be struck by mediocrities busy with their own 'inward struggles'. Mr. Powell quotes what has always seemed a key-passage, the one in which Firbank so clearly describes himself as the author Harvester:

His work calls to mind a frieze with figures of varying heights trotting all the same way. If one should by any chance turn about it's usually merely to stare or sneer or to make a grimace. Only occasionally his figures care to beckon. And they seldom really touch.

This sense of the self-centred isolation of the individual pervades the 'Firbankian Universe', and because of it his brilliant if eccentric dialogue is strangely lifelike.

Firbank addicts may hope to have some day much more biographical detail about his family and personal life, besides what is to be found in Ifan Kyrle Fletcher's memoir and elsewhere. For instance, did any of his near relations leave anything about him on record? And what of his sister, who died not long ago, leaving what may perhaps be called a Firbankian collection of her *toilettes* to the nation? Whether curiosity is to be satisfied or not, addicts will be glad of the chance to have all Firbank's books together in this compact, well produced, and well introduced volume. And they will notice, with pleasure and without surprise, that he continues to be reprinted and to be entertaining while former and once popular celebrities like Blank and Dash have sunk out of sight.

Valmouth, which has been recently popularized by a stage version, now appears with *Prancing Nigger*, the most touching, and *The Eccentricities of Cardinal Pirelli*, perhaps the most frothy of Firbank's fictions, as one of the Penguin Modern Classics. He devoted himself to his art, and now has won the wider fame he could not have expected in his lifetime.

WILLIAM PLOMER

Operation Demon

Greek Tragedy '41. By Anthony Heckstall-Smith and Vice-Admiral Baillie-Grohman. Anthony Blond. 25s.

THE CAMPAIGN OF THE British, Australian and New Zealand expeditionary force in Greece in 1941 was fought continuously on the retreat. Many units never reached their battle-positions at all before they were ordered back. Cynics have called the whole operation an example of *sauter pour mieux reculer*. As the present account shows, the evacuation was already being planned while the expeditionary force was still in the process of landing in Greece. Why this disastrous chain of events should have taken place at all is still to some extent a mystery, and one which it would be too much to expect to see unravelled by two naval officers whose role was confined to organizing and carrying out the evacuation. The reasons lie deep in the political rather than the military history of the war.

It might have been well if the co-authors of *Greek Tragedy '41* had left this problem entirely to one side. Since they have not done so, and since they repeatedly suggest that the main blame for the desperate situation in which the expeditionary force found itself from the start lay with the late Greek Chief of Staff, General (later Field-Marshal) Papagos, it would have been only just to draw attention to Papagos's own circumstantial account of the campaign, which has been published in English and which categorically contradicts the allegation persistently repeated here that he 'broke his word'. As it happens, the dispute between Papagos's account and the official British account, which rests largely on the words of Churchill and Eden, can quite easily be settled by publishing in full the record of one crucial meeting

in Athens in February 1941. Until that is done, it would be better if British writers on the campaign were to suspend judgment, especially as they are judges in their own cause.

Apart from this slur on the Greek high command (echoed in an accusation of treachery on the dust-cover which is withdrawn in a last-minute correction-slip), the book is in every respect an admirable first-hand report on the brief campaign. The fact that the authors were naval officers concerned only to get the troops away does not limit their vision unduly, since there was virtually nothing else to the campaign except the evacuation. They have drawn on the recollections of a number of the soldiers and airmen evacuated to very good effect. The scenes on the beaches are vividly described: it will be a sobering experience to many who were there to be reminded what we looked like to the Navy. The authors are unsparingly forthright in describing episodes of incompetence and cowardice, but also of heroism—as witness the destruction of the bridge over the Corinth Canal while German parachutists were landing round it. The book is a mosaic of such episodes, but the Vice-Admiral's grasp of the overall plan of evacuation gives it a coherence which is lacking in most such 'on-the-spot' accounts.

C. M. WOODHOUSE

La Vie de Bohème

The First Bohemian: the life of Henry Murger
By Robert Baldick. Hamish Hamilton. 21s.

IN ACCORDANCE WITH the old witticism, one might have imagined, on this theme, either a closely printed three-volume work in the neo-Teutonic or North American style entitled: 'Prolegomena to the study of bohemianism with special reference to Henry Murger', or a slim Gallic volume on 'The loves of Henri Murger'; but Dr. Baldick, whose name is becoming rightly familiar as a biographer of nineteenth-century literary figures, has struck a nice Anglo-Saxon or Anglo-Norman compromise in this well-documented, lively and touching book on Murger; and he has also illustrated it with reproductions of contemporary lithographs, etchings, and, above all, photographs by Nadar himself, one of the first and greatest portrait photographers, although we shall not, unfortunately, have the chance of seeing here, very much in the flesh, his nude study of the original Musette which appeared some years ago in *Lilliput*.

Dr. Baldick's intention is in no way to write a history of bohemianism, and it would therefore be pointless to quote *Le neveu de Rameau* or even Scarron as earlier claimants to the title of the first Bohemian; in any case, Dr. Baldick quickly disarms criticism by the fascination of the tale he has to unfold. He admirably resists the temptation of romanticizing or the opposite temptation of writing a sordid third-rate naturalistic novel. The result is magical: Murger comes to life as a complex and endearing individual, with all his contradictions and his charm: his sentimental love of nature and his syphilis, his amorousness and paralysing timidity, his wit and his dreadful sentimental verse. Irresistibly, he holds the centre of the stage, with all his pock-marked mistresses and near-mistresses, the Mimis and Musettes, grouped around him; and then, almost as important as the hero, the *comparses*, the burly Nadar in the van, dreaming of heavier-than-air flight and setting off in 1848 to start a one-man revolution in Poland; Champfleury, revealed or rather exposed in a superb photograph, the lover of Musette and one of the begetters of realism in the novel; the great Courbet and Baudelaire himself (*que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère?*); and finally, the whole décor of cafés and brasseries, of editors' offices and boulevard theatres and authentic damp garrets and grim hospital wards where the bohemians lived and died. Dr. Baldick is inexhaustible in anecdotes far too strange to be invented, as that of the journal of the bathing establishments of France, *La Naïade*, which, we are told, lasted longer than most of its rivals 'because it was literally more buoyant and durable . . . printed in indelible ink on sheets of india-rubber so that readers could drop it into their bath water when they wanted to soap themselves and as easily retrieve it when they wanted to enjoy a little light reading'.

Dr. Baldick is a Fellow of Pembroke College, Oxford; I mention this distinction to reassure those who feel guilty at enjoying reading biography, for although the author did not have far to go to find most of his material, he did go to find it and also brought back documents that have not been available before. Nor has he forgotten that, fascinating as Bohemia is, many are interested in Murger more as the author of the *Vie de Bohème* than as himself leading a bohemian life; and such people will not be disappointed by the enlightening critical account of how isolated *scènes de bohème* became a successful play before becoming a most successful novel and perhaps an even more successful opera.

All in all, a book that gave considerable pleasure and the desire not only to re-read the *Vie de Bohème* but to visit some of Murger's haunts and especially his final, clearly charming rustic retreat at Marlotte in the forest of Fontainebleau; and to ponder, too, over the strange implacable desire that drives men to suffer a thousand privations in the conviction that they have been chosen to manifest their truth and who cannot rest until that desire has been satisfied.

DOUGLAS PARMÉE

Motor-car City

Motopia. By G. A. Jellicoe. Studio Books. 42s.

MR. JELlicoe's FASCINATING but by no means impracticable design for 'Motopia'—an ideal city for our motor-car age—was first initiated by Messrs. Pilkington Brothers Ltd., presumably on the general ground that modern architecture uses a lot of glass. The reader, however, need fear no hidden advertising. Mr. Jellicoe and his colleagues have been allowed to go their own way. Moreover, in its present form, this book of Motopia traces the antecedents of many of the ideas that lie behind it. In doing this it gives us in effect a very handsomely illustrated and useful survey of the history of town-planning, Motopia itself appearing as little more than an epilogue, a culmination to centuries of effort by men to design beautiful and useful cities.

It is not only in Le Corbusier's *Ville Radieuse*—with its 'carpet' of lakes, grass, and trees flowing around and beneath the tall buildings—that we find the origin of Motopia. The great cities and gardens of the past, eighteenth-century towns such as Bath, the informal planting of Regent's Park, The Hague, Venice, and even our own New Towns are among Motopia's antecedents. They are all drawn upon not as models to be copied but as inspiration or the germ of an idea, above all as showing flexibility of approach, a satisfactory relationship of urban space and

architecture, above all for some rational solution of the age-old traffic-pedestrian problem. That problem is acute in the motor-car age, it is not new.

It should be emphasized that Motopia, as presented by Mr. Jellicoe, is really no more than an elaborate three-dimensional diagram. If, in its general pattern, it seems a little rigid, then it must be remembered that the application and adaptation of the idea to some other site would loosen and alter that diagram—though the fundamental ideas might remain.

The most obvious, most fundamental, is the handling of traffic. The double-track roads on the roofs of the buildings—out of sight, smell, and sound. This disposes ideally of the traffic itself; it commits the architect, perhaps more than he would wish, to continuous belts or bands of building across his site. At road intersections the tall buildings, moreover, have to assume on plan a circular form to provide the roundabouts. It is at these points that some shops, nursery schools, etc., are placed. Immediately below the roads—i.e., below the roof but on the top floor of the buildings, are the 'mews roads', places for parking, garages, and for access to the flats below. There is, in addition to scattered smaller shops, a large shopping centre on two levels, served by a moving band, and continuously operating lifts to the car parks far above.

The landscape between the buildings has large yachting lakes linked to the Thames—the site is assumed to be near Staines—schools, playing fields, market gardens, a park, and even 'forests'. The population would be 30,000, a figure wisely fixed at less than the New Towns. The estimated cost is £60 million, the approximate rent £100 per head per annum.

But this is not a scheme to be thought of solely in economic terms, or even architectural ones. The main function is to point to the undoubted fact that we must stop tinkering with our towns and, here and there at any rate, make a fresh and revolutionary start.

R. FURNEAUX JORDAN

Notes from the Abyss

Primal Vision: Selected Writings of Gottfried Benn.
Edited by E. B. Ashton. The Bodley Head. 30s.

WITH NIETZSCHE, BENN TELLS US, one age wrested its symbols from another and the antithesis of life and spirit stood revealed. It is only the revelation that is new. In the great minds of the past five hundred years Benn sees nihilism, hidden spasmodically under the fragments of works which are creative camouflage. He

finds himself in this tradition. But Nietzsche has already spoken for his generation, and after Nietzsche there can be no camouflage. Gottfried Benn (1886-1956) falls nicely into place in another literary tradition too—the line of clergymen's sons and doctors that runs through German creative writing, a duality that may partly explain modern German literature's intense concern with the problem of life versus spirit. His father was a village pastor in northern Germany;



'Motopia' from the north-east

he himself qualified as a doctor. He served as a medical officer in both world wars, earned his living at other times in Berlin as a specialist in skin and venereal diseases, welcomed the Nazis in 1933 and turned against them later (*before* they had lost the war). His first book of Expressionist verse exploded into print in 1912 under the title *Morgue*. Critics exploded too, into their own symbolism, which was based on references to the Black Mass, Brueghel, and rats. But Benn was lucky: he lived long enough for others to catch up and recognize his worth in his own lifetime. His Expressionism lasted, since it was not fashion but continuation.

Benn finds that loss of certainty is the stigma of our civilization, that creativeness is rooted in pessimism, that to be irrational is to be close to creation and capable of creation. The source of existence is 'beyond comprehension, the end a myth, the here and now an evaporating puddle'. Yet, as he says, the point is what you make of your nihilism. The mere fact that an artist works is an optimistic affirmation. He does not know what forces him to this act, but he can rightly claim to be no pessimist, while accepting pessimism as the basic principle.

Benn is pure artist. All or nothing, there is no stopping on this road. In his verse he is not concerned with communication but with shaping artifacts that resist decay, since only expression gives endurance. Hence his obscurity. In prose he provides a more reasoned account of the ruthless artist, determined to create, to find form in the void, to cut through the whirl of unceasing impressions and give articulate expression to the hour: 'Singing—that means forming sentences, finding expressions, being an artist, doing cold, solitary work, turning to no one, apostrophizing no congregation, but before every abyss simply testing the echoing quality of the rock-faces, their resonance, their tone, their coloratura effects'. This gives the key to his finest poems, notes from the abyss, fragments of soul, often as incomprehensible as that source of existence but justifying his own conviction that the essence of art is infinite reserve: 'Its core is crushing, but its periphery is narrow; it touches little, but that with fire'.

And at the end: 'Is expression the same as guilt? It might be'. One remembers Tonio Kröger, the established author, almost arrested on a criminal charge, although he is innocent, and then reflecting that his accusers might not be so wrong, after all. Gottfried Benn is an important figure in German writing, and this book, in spite of occasionally weird translation, should be an exciting discovery for those who have not come across him before. Many of his poems are here too, in German, with English equivalents on the opposite page. It is true that the book does reveal polemical belligerence more clearly than lyrical quality, but this is inevitable, given the nature of formal literary creation. Change the words, and you change the artifact. It is simply not the same thing any more. But even translation cannot muffle the impact of this stimulating mind.

IDRIS PARRY

The Last Czarina

The Empress Alexandra, 1872-1918

By E. M. Almedingen. Hutchinson. 25s.

THIS ADDITION TO the literature about the last Czarina is welcome. There is a number of books about this unhappy lady, who was grand-daughter to Queen Victoria and great-aunt to Prince Philip, but they vary from the mildly scurrilous to the foolishly ecstatic. There is naturally a temptation to be overdramatic about the happy child, known to the old English Queen as Sunny, who was to be the central actor in the tragedy of the Russian Revolution and on that murky stage in mid-July 1918. Where the author of this book succeeds is in bringing out the faults and mistakes of the Empress but in reminding us of her difficulties—especially the weakness of her husband which obliged her to interfere in all kinds of things for which she was unfitted. Those who read this book will close it with sympathy for the Empress and with admiration for her courage and character.

The author has a deserved reputation as a writer on Russian history, and having herself lived in Russia she sets the Empress against an accurate background—especially those puzzling, noisy,

gigantic Grand Dukes who did much to undermine the position of the Emperor. Admittedly the Emperor and Empress, completely happy and self-contained in their own family, disliked and disapproved of the outlook and habits of the Russian royal family, but it was this disunity in the family which opened the door to all the gossip about the Empress—not perhaps more foolish than many of the stories spread about our own royal family today but more deadly because they were tipped with malice. E. M. Almedingen is right to bring out the anti-English feelings, always tenaciously held in the Russian and Prussian royal families, which did the Empress infinite harm. The knowledge of this may explain why the Empress destroyed her letters from Queen Victoria and the English Royal Family, after the Revolution began, though she kept her own private correspondence with the Emperor which the Bolsheviks shrewdly published and which did her reputation some harm.

The author of this book gives a terse but highly effective account of the end of Imperial Russia: she describes the last occasion of pageantry, a few days before the Revolution started, when the Emperor and Empress gave a dinner in honour of the British Military Mission. She also brings out the Empress's agony when the Revolution began: tied to Tsarskoe Selo, with her children ill, she had no news for days of what had happened to the Emperor. Even her old critics in the Royal Family were lost in admiration for her bearing. Her greatest mistake—the reliance on Rasputin—could be explained by anxiety for the health of her only son. (The author says that the disease from which he suffered came from the Hesse family, but it surely came through Queen Victoria's family.) Before we sit in judgment on Empress Alexandrovna we would do well to decide whether she was right or wrong when she said 'Russia cannot exist without autocracy'.

ROGER FULFORD

Sporting Tour

Soho for the Colonel

By Michael Brander. MacGibbon and Kee. 25s.

THIS IS AN UNUSUAL and interesting book, and we must not be put off by the title, for *Soho* or *Sohowe* is merely a traditional hunting cry and has no reference to the notorious *Savoire Vivre* Club to which the Colonel belonged. He is Thomas Thornton, an eighteenth-century sportsman, sometime Colonel of the West York Militia, who 'resigned his commission in disgust' in 1795, after being court-martialled and reprimanded 'for allowing his soldiers to draw him into camp in a triumphal carriage'. His *Scottish Tour* was written of the year 1784, though it contains inconsistencies and confusions which suggest that episodes of several such sporting expeditions, from 1782 to 1789, are refracted in it, as well as numerous borrowings from Pennant's *Tours of Scotland*. The book was published in 1804, reviewed somewhat acidly by Sir Walter Scott, and republished in 1896 with a Preface by Sir Herbert Maxwell.

The author of the present book set out, in the drought year of 1959, to retrace Thornton's steps on his classic tour from York to Forres and Inverness, and back again. (The chapters take their titles from various episodes of the hunting field.) Mr. Brander travelled in a vintage Rolls-Royce: with guns, fishing gear, and a pair of dogs, for he is a noted trainer and handler; taking what opportunities his pilgrimage offered in the way of sport, but concentrating on checking and commenting on Thornton's narrative, noting some of the changes that have occurred in 170-odd years, and giving his own pungent and amusing views on his experiences.

The scale of Thornton's preparations for his expedition leaves one gasping. A cutter was chartered to take part of his staff and stores from York to Forres; he had rented a house at Raits, on Speyside. His staff included a falconer, a waggoner, a groom and boy; supplies ran to an enormous 'Q' list, among which were porter, ale, small beer, reindeer-tongues, York hams, and eighty pounds of gunpowder. The Colonel travelled by land with an artist-companion, a Mr. Garrard, at least two body-servants, a groom, five horses, a light carriage, and much shooting and

fishing gear which was again supplemented at Edinburgh to support the armoury already sent on the cutter. But then Thornton's wealth was considerable: he had bought Thornton Royal from the Duke of York for £110,000, and Boythorpe Hall near Scarborough (rebuilt at a cost of £10,000) purely as a lodge for falconry. No wonder his militia drew him in a triumphal carriage.

Mr. Brander has happily combined Mr. Garrard's engravings of picturesque scenes with modern photographs of the same scenes today; we might wish there had been more of them. He did not attempt to match Thornton's sporting 'records'—often achieved by doubtful methods—but his rods were stolen from the Rolls,

as Thornton's rod was stolen at Aviemore, and there are other amusing parallels and contrasts. This 'comparative' pilgrimage has many advantages as the framework of a book. It allows Mr. Brander to select the more amusing, dramatic or improbable episodes of the *Tour*, and to comment critically and shrewdly not only on these but on the natural history, agriculture, economics, hydro-electric schemes, the tourist traffic of the Highlands, and much else. There is much wealth in the book; not least an admirable list of the inns and hotels at which Mr. Brander stayed, and notes on their present resources and reputation both for food and for sport.

T. R. HENN

Treasures of the Print Room

Catalogue of British Drawings: Volume I: XVI and XVII Centuries. By Edward Croft-Murray and Paul Hulton. The Trustees of the British Museum. £5 10s. (set of two volumes; text and plates)

FOR THE CONNOISSEUR interested in top quality, it must be admitted at once, British drawings of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries are not an immediately inviting field, particularly when, as here, the drawings of Holbein and of Van Dyck are relegated to a short-list appendix, pending their full discussion in the volumes of the German and Flemish holdings of the Department of Prints and Drawings of the British Museum. And even with those omissions, the artists' names are still predominantly foreign—Dutch, Flemish, French, Italian and even—like Hollar—Czech. In all but a handful of the drawings it is difficult to isolate any specifically British characteristic other than the subject-matter. These artists worked here; but though they drew British faces and places, generally they drew them in the idiom of their native style. The Van de Velde drew the English navy with the same precise *brio* as they drew the Dutch before they changed sides. So the volume of (excellent) plates reads, stylistically, like a curiously haphazard assemblage of exercises in almost any style but British.

In fact, in a survey of British drawings, Mr. Michael Ayrton once labelled his pages about this period as 'The Desert'. That is an extreme expression of one taste, and valid perhaps in as much as the usual image of a desert presents no peaks (possibly only one drawing of the period in the British Museum has both the finality and the everlasting freshness of genius in draughtsmanship: Hilliard's famous study for one of Elizabeth's Great Seals). But deserts often possess their own virtues, as archaeologists, historians, and others know; the treasures listed in this volume are often most appreciable to an eye lit by knowledge, sentiment or curiosity as well as by daylight. Their value is not the less real for that; it is a documentary rather than a purely artistic value.

The main bulk of sixteenth-century matter is composed of the very un-English, elegant mannerist drawings of Isaac Oliver and of the stiffly articulated coloured drawings made in America by John White, strictly for the record. In the seventeenth century, the quantity surviving is far greater, and is probably a fairly representative witness of the kinds of art that interested English patrons: a heavy predominance of portraits and of topographical (rather than landscape) drawings. The 'finished' drawing, that is a

drawing complete in itself and not connected with the production of a painting or etching or other end-product, hardly occurs before Lely from 1650 on. Lely's stylization offends some people, but his chalk portrait-heads have a peony charm, and the series of large chalk studies for a never-completed 'Procession of the Knights of the Garter' have a grand and ample movement that seems almost apostolic; the chalk as sumptuous and swelling as the velvet of the robes.

In matter of quality and mood there are surprises. The animal drawings of Hondius (whose furniture paintings are normally inert) have a rare nervous flicker. The chill Northern townscapes of Hollar are well known and loved, with their greyish light diffusing all shadow, but his two Whistleresque studies of women—a deeper darkness in dusk—will astonish most people. From the end of the period there survives evidence of academic training and of studio working: in the curious, very Dutch, red chalk studies by Charles Beale (formerly ascribed to his mother, Mary), and in the fascinating sweepings from Kneller's portrait-factory that descend from his chief assistant, Edward Byng.

The volumes are well produced, with a lay-out that is practical and easily navigable; this is of course a standard work of reference and is designed with reference in view. The introduction however offers as well a valuable survey of the whole field, soberly discussed in categories of subject-matter. The account of the origins of the traditions of draughtsmanship in England (based largely on the great wealth of medieval illuminations in the Department of Manuscripts), will in particular prove a gold mine to scholars. The index is very full, and the biographies of artists are in many cases the best and most detailed so far available in print.

Such catalogues are by their own nature slow in gestation, but all the more welcome when they arrive. If the first duty (sometimes not held quite firmly enough in mind) of curators is to curate, to conserve, close second is the duty of accounting to the world for the objects they hold in trust. Such works as this give not only the art-historian, but students in many other fields, new working tools of fundamental importance.

DAVID PIPER



'Study of a Woman in Black', by Hollar
From the B.M. 'Catalogue of British Drawings', vol. I.

No More Ghosts

More Poems. By Robert Graves. Cassell. 10s. 6d.

Legends and Pastorals

By Graham Hough. Duckworth. 12s. 6d.

Solstices. By Louis MacNeice. Faber. 12s. 6d.

'NO MORE GHOSTS', the title of one of Robert Graves's poems, might be the motto for them all. He writes as a man threatened by the past, and using poetry as exorcism. The past is like the Blatant Beast in his poem 'Saint'; it isn't enough to slay it, one must know the trick to keep it slain. His Red Cross Knight has killed the Beast too well; it is 'over-dead' and returns with horrible servility to dog its slayer. For Graves, the Beast was, above all, the 1914-18 war, and in his autobiography he was trying quite explicitly to say *Good-bye to all that*, to put paid to the war for ever. In a preface he makes a joke of having put in everything that could possibly make it sell. But he was putting in everything in another sense, too; he was wanting to shed and bury something once and for all. (He shovels together all the documents of his army career—telegrams, citations, ration-book and labels—in a composite photograph, as if emptying a drawer.)

But the war was only one, though the most terrible, of the past's avatars. And even when the past stands for something rich and attractive, like his own ancestry, he feels he must say 'no' to it. The patriarchal four-poster must be cut up to make 'wholesome furniture for wholesome rooms'. The ghostly toppers round the ancestral table must have their wine dashed in their faces. Good to set out from, and good to return to, old houses are no place to live one's life in; old houses breed ghosts, and ghosts are fate and 'dark necessity', the enemy of all immediacy of living. It is because Graves is determined to exorcise the past and to draw a magic circle round the present that his poems are so full of charms and hauntings, of ghosts and spells against ghosts. His 'Lollocks' are the spirits of the discarded rubbish that silts up life; to conjure them requires a ritual.

Sovereign against Lollocks
Are hard broom and soft broom,
To well comb the hair,
To well brush the shoe,
And pay every debt
As it falls due.

This resolve to shed the rubbish, the 'Husks, rags and bones, waste-paper, excrement' which threaten living, is like his approach to verse. The rubbish is also dead words, other people's cast-off language. What most strikes one about his poems is their absolute assurance and finality. He has pared away all the rubbish and waste-material, till the essential poem lies clear. He is thus a great rhetorician. The thoughts in his poems are always sprung on us in their purest possible shape and at their moment of maximum impact. It is a technical mastery which goes with a complete openness to experience, a resolve to find, not impose, form.

He is quick, thinking in clear images;
I am slow, thinking in broken images . . .

When the fact fails him, he questions his senses;
When the fact fails me, I approve my senses.

He is also, of course, an immensely clever poet, a genuine modern metaphysical—for instance in the poem 'Pure Death', where the idea that being in love strips the disguises from death is translated into the picture of two lovers exchanging coffins.

Graves does not write poetry so much as poems, a succession of separate victories for spontaneity, propitiations of the White Goddess of changeable love and unpremeditated experience. He is totally uncommitted, and as aggressive a champion of private existence and personal ends as his friend Robert Frost. As an artist he never repeats himself, and never develops. He is a minor poet in fact, but a superlative one; and his new volume contains several poems, especially the final 'Song: Enjoy your Sunday!', as remarkable as any he has written.

In much of *Legends and Pastorals* Graham Hough circles round a single fixed personal regret, trying it out in various forms—legendary allegories, Hardy-esque elegies, and irregular-stanzaed

soliloquies. The poems are openly emotional, often self-indulgent and Georgian, occasionally trite: Adam and Eve remembering Eden, a shuttered lamplit room with the dark storm outside—he hasn't done quite enough to justify such easy-going symbols. There is concealed, as well as declared, Victorian nostalgia; the soldiers in the park (see 'Evening in the Park') seem, for instance, to be wearing red coats. His poems become good and interesting when they approach nearer to examining the regret, to asking what really went wrong—and then the regret itself starts to look less fixed, or to wear a different aspect. Two of these extremely personal poems, 'A Letter' and 'You Change Your Sky', are most moving and effective. Something else steps on the scene in 'East Anglian Elegy': the Cambridge poet with his spleen, the morose self-knowing donnish ironist, creature of 'The weed-encumbered streams, the dripping sluices, The flow, and the restraint' of the nine miles round Great St. Mary's. This witty and strongly felt poem is perhaps the best in the book.

Louis MacNeice's world-weary sophistication wears rather thin in his new volume. The thirties-ish knowingness, the contemporary similes, so often lead up to nothing at all, or to such a poor little thought as hardly to need expressing. His theme is adjustment to age and to repetition, and the symptoms of boredom and loss of impulse have got into his verse. What he most wants to express is simply the sense of continuing, at all odds, to exist; and his best poems are those—'Country Week-end' and 'The Wiper'—where the mindless activity of some gadget, a bubbling coffee-percolator or a wagging windscreen-wiper, set his mind reflecting upon continuity and survival. The long meditation 'Country Week-end', though at first sight desultory, develops a genuine impetus, and rises here and there to some sharp and distinguished writing.

P. N. FURBANK

Kremlinology

Power and Policy in the U.S.S.R.

By R. Conquest. Macmillan. 35s.

MR. CONQUEST'S NEW BOOK is more about power than about policy. Since it is devoted almost entirely to the history of the political leadership of the U.S.S.R. between 1949 and 1959 this is exactly as it should be. Where ultimate power has always tended to rest in the hands of one man, the first, most important and most absorbing question, to the exclusion of all others, must be: who is to become that one man? Although Stalin was the undisputed ruler, it was natural enough that during his last years there should have been cautious juggling among his lieutenants to get into position for the succession. When he died, no one could win straight away, so there was a period of what was euphemistically known as 'collective leadership'. We hear little of that now, because one man, Khrushchev, has been in control since 1957. But even Khrushchev is mortal, so once again the cautious manoeuvring has begun. And so it goes on. To anyone familiar with Soviet sources and history this will cause no surprise.

Unhappily, politics is a subject upon which everyone feels entitled to voice an opinion, without any obligation to learn the facts. So we are treated to pronouncements on the Soviet Union from the scientists, to choose one example among many, inviting us to believe that the real motive force in Soviet politics is now the pressure for rationality from the new technicians, which the political leaders cannot resist. It is perhaps too much to hope that our amateur sovietologists will read Mr. Conquest's careful, moderate, scholarly account, which is based entirely on Soviet sources. But if they do, they will discover just how little as yet (one cannot safely make predictions about any political system) public opinion of any kind can hope to operate on politicians who, over a period of forty years, have mastered the art of keeping all power safely in their own hands—even though they may fight to the death inside their own narrow circle.

It is no doubt often ignorance of the very difficult Soviet sources (and Mr. Conquest's book shows how complicated a business it is to disentangle them) which leads the amateur to

project on to the Soviet system political principles with which he is familiar in his own experience. They very seldom apply. For example, in democracies politicians quarrel over policies and if need be resign in the hope of making a comeback. In the Politbureau and the Praesidium it is the other way round: politicians quarrel over power, using policies as a means of struggle. That is why the policies of the defeated are so often taken over by the victors—as Lenin took over the policy of the Mensheviks, Stalin that of Trotsky, and Khrushchev that of Malenkov. Again, where the legal system is independent of the executive, individuals, however highly placed, are usually tried if they commit criminal offences and are not usually convicted of them if they do not. At the highest political levels in the Soviet Union what would ordinarily be considered crime can go unpunished or even rewarded for years: when power politics requires it, anyone, innocent or guilty, can find himself in the dock. (This principle has been best summed up by Mr. Evelyn Waugh in the words of one of his fictional Byzantine ecclesiastics: 'They are not expulsing . . . for fornications unless there is politics too'.)

This is a difficult and detailed book with a seventy-page appendix of lists and documents. Not everyone who has studied the material will necessarily agree with Mr. Conquest's interpretations at all points, and indeed the nature of our information is such that it precludes certainty in many cases. But Mr. Conquest's object in writing this book is to prove that a close study of Soviet publications can none the less yield very revealing results. He is not the first to have established this, but the amount of serious work on Soviet politics is not so large that we should hesitate to welcome what is undoubtedly a valuable addition to it. I hope however that readers of Mr. Conquest's excellent work will not be put off by the first three chapters, which claim to give a kind of introductory guide to the 'science of kremlinology'. They are not much use as a guide, because for anyone who is not already acquainted with Soviet politics they are so loaded with unfamiliar detail as to be unintelligible; while to anyone who is familiar with the material, they will not reveal anything very new. Mr. Conquest even gets near suggesting that 'kremlinology' should become a new university discipline. This is really rather far-fetched. The necessary equipment is already adequately provided by the study of Soviet history and of the general principles of politics. The rest is a matter of hard work—and hard thinking.

LEONARD SCHAPIRO

The Playground of Europe

Mont Blanc and the Seven Valleys

By Roger Frison-Roche. Nicholas Kaye. £2 5s.

The Alps. By Wilfred Noyce.

Thames and Hudson. £3 3s.

NINETY YEARS AGO Sir Leslie Stephen, the father of Virginia Woolf, published a book that has long since taken its place as one of the classics of Alpine literature. He called it *The Playground of Europe*, but he can hardly have foreseen the prophetic nature of his title. Since 1871 Switzerland has not only attracted more foreign visitors than any other European country, but the books written about it, a large proportion of them by British travellers and climbers, far outnumber those concerned with any other part of the world. There are enough to fill a small library. Many are of interest only to specialists, being concerned with the technical details of ascents, but for some reason or other mountain scenery has always appealed to men of letters, with the result that many of the books inspired by Swiss travel are of considerable literary value. Among them, for instance, are some of the works of Byron, Shelley, Tennyson, Wordsworth, Ruskin and Meredith; but there are many more good books by lesser writers. There is a good selection listed in the current edition of Baedeker's *Switzerland*, but I should like to single out *The Englishman in the Alps*, a charming anthology of prose and verse compiled by Arnold Lunn and published by the Oxford University Press in 1913, of which it is still not difficult to come across a copy.



Roping down from Campanile Brabante, in the Civetta Group

From 'The Alps'

The literature concerning the Alps is now so vast that no book, unless it be on some narrowly specialized subject, can add much to what is already known. Nevertheless the regular flow continues, and one cannot help wondering for whom all these books are intended.

Mont Blanc and the Seven Valleys is a case in point. This is a translation of one of the well-known series of travel-books known collectively as *Les Beaux Pays*. The 169 photographs are extremely well produced and have been selected to show every aspect of life in the area, but the text is banal and not well translated. This book is a pleasant souvenir for anyone who already knows the region, but it is of little use to the prospective traveller, who would do better with Baedeker, which is still the best general guide to Switzerland.

The Alps is in quite another class. This does not pretend to be other than a de-luxe publication, and its 230 superb illustrations contain the cream of Alpine photography. They take the entire range roughly from west to east, beginning with the district near Avignon, above the Rhône Valley, which is not generally considered to form part of the Alps. They end in a similar way, the last photograph showing the extreme eastern end of the chain, here become no more than gentle hills, where it rolls quietly down towards the Danube.

It is obvious that Mr. Noyce realizes the difficulty to which I have already alluded. He has nothing new to say, but his short introductory essay is written with elegance and urbanity and could hardly be bettered as a preface to the illustrations which are the *raison d'être* of this beautifully produced book. He has also written the detailed captions to each photograph, and there are short descriptions by Karl Lukan of the several separate regions into which the Alps are divided. My only complaint of this otherwise superb piece of book-making is that in order to identify the illustrations it is necessary to keep turning back to the list of plates, but for technical reasons this may have been unavoidable.

JOHN MORRIS

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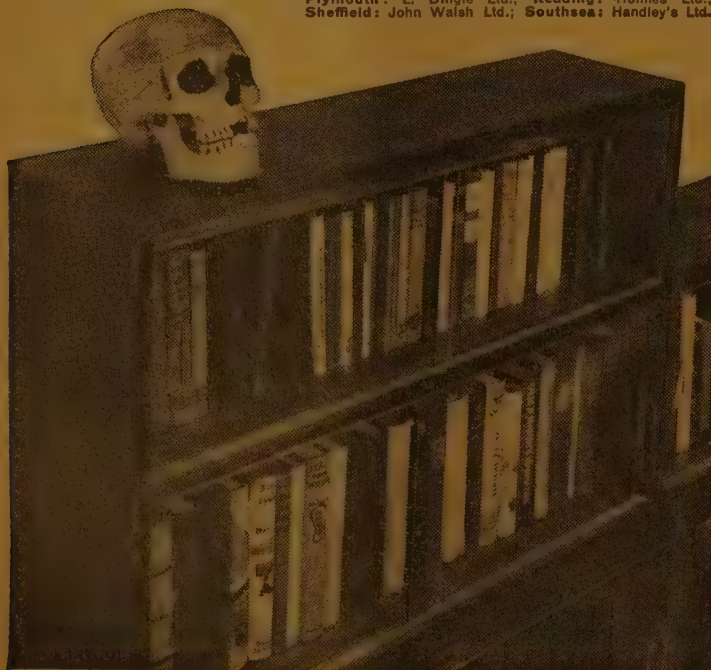
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Hamish Hamilton. 15s.

IT WAS, I THINK, Arnold Bennett who pooh-poohed the notion that the sonnet was the most difficult form in verse by replying to the question: How many perfect sonnets are there? with another: Where are the perfect epics? In the same way I would like to tramp on the fallacy that the perfect short story remains to be written: for where, after all, are the perfect novels? Yet, over the years, there has grown up a mystique around the form of the short story. It is said to be more concentrated than the novel, more lyrical, more poetic, almost as though the great short-story writers had been poets like Yeats and Auden instead of novelists like Joyce and Hemingway. I myself have yet to read a really good short story by anyone who was primarily a poet, though I have read dozens that were the minor work of considerable novelists. In some cases, like Hemingway's, it might even be argued that the short stories, by their balance and intensity, constitute the major achievement, but I doubt if the authors concerned would have much time for this kind of dismissal of their bulkier productions. That the short story is closer to the novel than it is to the poem may be a truism but it is a truism which, in the current situation, requires reiteration.

Yet that does not mean it is no nearer the poem than is the novel. (It may lie somewhere between the two.) But the idea that it does stems, I suspect, from the debased notion of poetry prevalent in the English-speaking world. The short story is certainly more lyrical than the novel and, for those thousands among us for whom Palgrave is still the voice of poetry, that means it is more poetic. But, of course, there are great poems which are not included by Palgrave. Indeed, I believe that *all* great poems are excluded by him—for the simple reason that they are too long. If *The Ring and the Book* is to be excluded from the canon of great poetry it can only be on the ground that it belongs among the great novels. Only because verse of this order sustained over this period is more difficult to write, and therefore more seldom written, has the myth grown up that it is less typically poetic than the frantic rhymings of soul merchants or the sunny serenading of springtime enthusiasts or even the bar-room laconics of university lecturers. In a similar fashion it has always struck me that the short story is an infinitely poorer form than the full-length novel.

With this reservation in mind it may seem strange to recommend two volumes of short stories rather than any of the recent novels. Yet the sad truth is that the standard of novel writing, or publishing, seems to have reached an all-time low in the last couple of weeks. Frail tales of adolescent difficulties, long trials about the principles of adoption, amateurish attempts at psychoanalysis, none of these compensates for the lack of character which infests them all or the inability of their authors to give structure to a story.

And so to the shorter *genre*. Let me begin with the lady. Mary Lavin is an old hand at managing a short story, and that helps to explain why every item in her new book is consummately planned and almost perfectly executed. She has a habit of beginning with a very ordinary sentence and working up from it into a situation so odd and unexpected that one catches one's breath. Thus, the first words of the first story read: 'The Bishop was sitting in the stern of the boat'. A strange place, perhaps, for a Bishop, but he might be coming ashore from a liner to attend a convocation in Dublin. At any rate, I was all set for a tale of ecclesiastical intrigue. (I always think Bishops are involved in some kind of intrigue—a legacy, I imagine, of my Calvinist ancestors.) But the operative word in this sentence turns out to be 'boat', for the story which follows is about the sea—the sea, too, in all its fierceness, as the almost metaphysical agent of revenge against the presumption of man. And the Bishop, though he is one of the chief characters, is not a Bishop but only a little boy, and he alone of all the inhabitants of his native village emerges unscathed from the vexed waters. But this story, in its

elemental sweep, its opposition of man to the forces of nature, is hardly typical of Miss Lavin's work. For the most part she is more domestic, treating of love affairs, family situations or childish problems. This she does with great delicacy and conviction and, what is more extraordinary, running across and over all class barriers. There are some good English working-class writers and some very good upper-class ones but perhaps only an Irish writer could manage to enter into the guts of so many and such various social strata as Miss Lavin. She is equally convincing whether she be talking about dwellers in a near slum in Dublin, peasants on a remote, west coast island, or a county gentlewoman. And so I think that maybe her Bishop, who combines the offices of dignitary of the Church with those of a simple peasant lad, may not be so untypical as at first he seemed.

And now for the gentleman. And perhaps it is L. P. Hartley's chief disadvantage that he is so definitely and obtrusively a gentleman. His one new story which tries to treat with anything approaching the working class—a circus manager and a possible employee—does not attempt to rise above the level of the anecdote. Apart from this one lapse all his stories are concerned with characters who are comfortably middle or upper-middle class. They are a curiously uneven bunch, and only the title-story would, by itself, convince me that its author might be the author of truly remarkable novels like *The Shrimp and the Anemone* and *The Go-Between*. But 'Two for the River' is a little masterpiece, as far above Miss Lavin's best work as the bulk of her stories are superior to the majority of his. It should serve as a model of how to focus interest on the salient features of a plot for every embryo prose writer in the country. It opens in the garden, dry because it is August, and the dryness leads naturally to thoughts of water. From water to the river is a short step. And there are the swans, not the nice pretty swans we feed in the park but wild swans, killer-swans. It is very typical of Mr. Hartley's method that he should choose such apparently inoffensive creatures as swans to act as agents of a mysterious evil. It is no less typical that, having been so used, they should be at once extremely effective and plangently ambiguous. If only he could have kept up this standard throughout the book. . . . But then, who could?

BURNS SINGER

Hollow Life

The Hollow Crown. A life of Richard II

By Harold F. Hutchison. Eyre and Spottiswoode. 30s.

WHITEWASHING THE LESS SUCCESSFUL medieval kings of England is once more all the rage. The full treatment recently so effective with Richard III is now applied to Richard II: the one was the all but innocent victim of Tudor propaganda, the other of Lancastrian. This is an assumption useful to the advocate rather than founded upon a scholar's evaluation of the sources. If, as in the present instance, it produces some strange distortions—such as that which depicts Walsingham as writing 'from a Lancastrian point of view'—it has the great advantage of ruling any inconvenient evidence out of court as prejudiced. After 1399 and 1485, we are asked to believe without proof, the chronicles hastened from disingenuousness if not from venality to swallow the usurper's version of the past. Walsingham is not allowed to have modified his views under the pressure of events; he was surrendering blindly to the *fait accompli*.

No one who has read a medieval chronicle will find it easy to agree that a tactful acceptance of what they were told at court was the most usual characteristic of the monastic producers of contemporary history. But even if it had been, modern historians are something better than posthumous Public Relations Officers and it is not their business by taking the most unfavourable interpretation possible of the actions of those who opposed their client's wishes to make his grey look white against his artificially darkened surroundings. Only those who sided with Richard in his quarrels are given the benefit of Mr. Hutchison's charity. The phrase 'every feudal swashbuckler' coming on his fourth page warns the reader that the whig dogs will not get the best of it. Mr. Hutchison aims at avoiding what he believes to be 'the



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To make iron for steelmaking, coke is needed—in huge quantities. At the City of Steel the coke ovens produce coke from raw coal. Among the by-products is crude benzole. This has always been a vital material for the chemical industry.

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Hitherto, Britain has had no hydro-refining plant to refine the crude benzole from coke

ovens. For this reason The Steel Company of Wales welcomed an approach by the Lincolnshire Chemical Co. Ltd. to form jointly The Port Talbot Chemical Co. Ltd. and to build a hydro-refining plant for handling the crude benzole from the Steel Division coke ovens.

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THE STEEL COMPANY OF WALES LIMITED

This is Broadsheet No. 24 from the City of Steel

anachronistic approach of liberal historians'; his book is in fact a glaring example of the all too modish authoritarianism which has long characterized most English interpretations of the middle ages and which is quite as anachronistic. It is not surprising to find that the Tudor monarchy was the desirable end and deposition in 1399 the lamentable consequence of trying to achieve it too soon.

This 'interpretation' ignores too much. Although the means by which Richard II was lured to his captivity and death were discreditable by any standards and justly pricked the conscience of his supplanter, there is no reason for thinking that he had many genuine friends or supporters left in the last months of his reign. The fate of the rebels in January 1400 as well as Bolingbroke's triumphant march in the summer of 1399 must be taken as evidence of Richard's unpopularity. And if he were friendless it was very largely by his own doing. Why he behaved as he did, whether the *coup d'état* of 1397 was the fulfilment of a long-planned revenge or the product of a sudden brain-storm, are questions it is largely vain to ask because the evidence is lacking. A man's character, the reasons why he acts as he does and why again he fails to act, these are things difficult enough to unravel even when his speeches, his correspondence, and the impressions of those who knew him well have been preserved. What have we got to offer as a window into Richard's mind? Very little that he wrote or said, practically nothing that comes from the first-hand observation of an intelligent and well-informed contemporary. Neither Froissart nor Créton nor Adam of Usk will take us far. The Westminster writer who probably knew him personally is much more reticent. We have Richard's actions. All explanations of them are the products of guesswork and though some guesses are better than others the choice is wide and real knowledge small. Richard eludes our question. The best that can be said on the particular issue of his behaviour in 1397 is that Mr. Hutchison has not chosen the most improbable explanation. It would be more persuasive if there were evidence that he had begun to seek an explanation for the behaviour of Richard's opponents.

As an apologist who ignores the weak points in his case he cannot be regarded as skilful. Apart from that his knowledge is oddly patchy. He seems to prefer chronicles to records unless these latter have been published for a century or more and so filtered down to him through the works of modern scholars. The printed *Calendars* of chancery enrolments for the reign began to appear in print in 1895. There is no evidence that they have been used, though they would have corrected Mr. Hutchison's impressions at many points. His judgments on his secondary authorities are sometimes surprising. Whatever its merits, 'brilliant' is hardly the adjective one expects to find used to describe Armitage-Smith's *John of Gaunt*; nor is it wholly deserved by Steel's *Receipt of the Exchequer*. More serious, it may even occasionally be doubted whether the chronicles listed for 'Further Reading' are quite as familiar to the author as they should be. If he believes that the *Anonimale Chronicle* 'is invaluable for ... the final deposition scenes' it is time that he read it again. As it has come down to us it ends in 1381.

K. B. MCFARLANE

Japan Revisited

Return to Japan

By Elizabeth Gray Vining. Michael Joseph. 21s.

An Introduction to Japan. By Herschel Webb

Oxford, for Columbia. 10s.

Japan. By Esler Denning. Benn. 27s.

MRS. VINING'S BOOK is over-populated, like its subject. All her Japanese friends are drawn into it, highly praised, physically described and given the best of characters. The imperfect outsider begins to skip. And there are insufficient quotes: Mrs. Vining shirks conversation. 'We all exchanged news of the past seven years'. The information seems hardly worth imparting, and since the 'all' referred to included the Imperial family and the Emperor himself the reader feels doubly injured. 'The light-

hearted talk as we sat on mats in the sun and light breeze ... touched on flying saucers, classmates abroad, fishing and ways of smoking salmon'. This is more generous though less than satisfying: the Crown Prince was of the party. For Mrs. Vining, an American lady, was his tutor for four years when he was a small boy and, having described all that in an earlier book, she returns to Japan in this one to attend his wedding (she was the only non-Japanese guest invited) and incidentally to observe the results of her tuition. And we do become interested to learn about him at last that he likes experimenting with birds, trees and shrubs, and houses a quantity of starlings and tropical fish as well as two dogs.

It is a pity that the book is so incoherent and cluttered up with compliments, for Mrs. Vining is adventurous and knowledgeable about Japan. Her chapters on Inns and Journeys are rewarding. On page 44 she writes: 'We Americans, like the Japanese, are sensitive about what the outside world is saying about us. Finding ourselves suddenly unpopular in countries where we feel we have been friendly and helpful we are apt to wring our hands and feel betrayed. When people ask me sometimes "Have we a friend left in Japan? ..."'

Japanese-American relations are examined by both Mr. Herschel Webb and Sir Esler Denning. Mr. Webb, in his small handbook *An Introduction to Japan*, lists six of the 'more noteworthy causes' of friction between the two countries: Japanese opposition to rearmament, and to nuclear weapon tests in the Central Pacific; resentment at America's continued presence in Japan so long after the surrender—Occupational disease, it might be termed; America's retention of Japanese islands, the Ryukyu and Bonin groups, in the south-west; conflicting views on Japanese trade with Communist China, restrained by American policy; some trade rivalry between America and Japan themselves. Elsewhere in his useful manual, which is sponsored by the Japan Society, a private, non-profit, non-political association of Americans and Japanese, Mr. Webb describes the country's internal difficulties, her 'already precarious economy' and dependence upon foreign trade, her serious population problem in her over-crowded space ('the population is increasing steadily; the food supply is not'), dietary deficiencies, and the 'continuous rise in unemployment figures'.

Sir Esler Denning's more substantial volume is an addition to Benn's 'Nations of the World' series. It covers much the same ground as Mr. Webb covers and subjects it to the keen scrutiny of long personal and political familiarity. Sir Esler has spent most of his diplomatic life in the Far East and was British Ambassador in Tokyo from 1952 to 1957. In much of the friction that exists between the two countries he sees the hand, hidden or exposed, of communism seeking to loosen the bonds that unite them. His main purpose in this lucid survey is to speculate upon how much of the Western democracy Japan has been obliged to swallow since her defeat has been satisfactorily digested or is likely to be digested, considering her national character. 'For the present it is too early to state categorically that Japan is safe for democracy'. He has pertinent things to say about the youthfulness of her present population (more than half were either unborn or still children when the war ended), her reliance ('which must be internationally accepted') upon fish, and her physical dilemma, lying like a bone of contention between the opposed ideological camps, America with its airfields in her south-westerly islands, Russia in the Kuriles a few miles off her north-east coast, and Communist China on her mainland.

With Hiroshima and Nagasaki monumental in her midst, Japan's fear of being drawn into other people's disputes is understandable; but her tendency to blame her troubles upon America seems to Sir Esler misguided (or communist-guided), as also the insistent voices in her which call for political independence and unarmed neutrality. After all this he offers parting advice which, readily though she will agree with it, should be accompanied with the gift of a tight-rope: 'The paramount need of Japan, both now and for the future if she is to survive economically, is to have as many friends and as few enemies as possible among the nations of the world'. A final quotation is selected partly for Mrs. Vining as some small comfort while she is wringing her hands: 'It is difficult at times to escape the impression that the Japanese treat American friendship more lightly than it deserves'.

J. R. ACKERLEY

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

The Great Inarticulate

WHEN YOU CONSIDER the subtleties and exactitude that speech is capable of, it is surprising how limited most of us are in our use of it. Recent television interviews and talks confirm that, with conspicuous exceptions, our vocabularies are small, the words we favour lack colour, and our sentence construction is often inexcusably bad. And this is true not only of the men and women in a crowd who are suddenly asked by television reporters for an opinion but of many public figures, from whom clarity if not euphony could be expected.

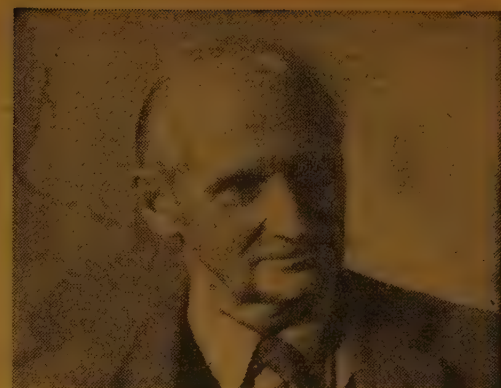
Lord Montgomery, for instance: in an interview he gave to Robin Day ('Panorama', May 8) he was as vague and repetitive as any of the politicians he affected to despise. Politicians, he claimed, especially in the West and not excluding Mr. Macmillan, talk platitudes and say nothing. Yet the Field-Marshal's solution of Nato's problems, as expounded to Robin Day, was hard to grasp because the words he used were imprecise. With almost anyone else one would have concluded that the ambiguity of language was the result of fuzzy thinking but, according to those who know, this is a charge that cannot be levelled at Lord Montgomery. Can it be that for soldiers, as for politicians, platitudes are the children of expediency?

King Hussein and his fiancée, interviewed by Ludovic Kennedy in the same programme, were two more who could not find the words with which to express themselves unequivocally. Their diffidence was understandable. To discourse in front of a camera on such personal matters as one's betrothal is asking a lot of anyone, king or commoner.

Mr. Basil Taylor ('Monitor', May 7), trying to rationalize the distaste he feels for Landseer's art, was neither ambiguous nor platitudinous. His language was forceful and persuasive but I could not help feeling that somewhere in his thinking there was a flaw. In essence his argument was: however competent Landseer was technically, his work is vitiated by a sentimentality and a cruelty that, though not evident in every canvas, prevent him from ever

being considered a great artist. Mr. Taylor did not make clear to us the ratio between his good and his bad work that determines an artist's standing. And surely any assessment such as Mr. Taylor made must take into account the climate of the age in which the artist lived and worked. He seemed to judge Landseer by the standards, not of all time or even of Victorian England, but of the nineteen-sixties, which are not necessarily absolute.

Mr. Christopher Mayhew, M.P., is an old hand at television broadcasting—a smooth operator, as they say. No diffidence about his performance in 'Party Political Broadcast'



Lord Montgomery being interviewed by Robin Day in 'Panorama'

of how, according to Mr. Mayhew, some of the best office buildings are used for some of the least desirable activities such as advertising.

Perhaps the agency consoled itself with the thought beloved of P.R.O.s in a jam—'There's no such thing as bad publicity'.

The programmes I have mentioned had a common characteristic: their aural element was more important than the visual. True, the pictures of Landseer's paintings helped us to understand Mr. Taylor's thesis, but were not essential. In the other programmes the cameras could have been dispensed with.

Not so 'The Real West' (May 9), which relied on pictures for its effects. This was another of those N.B.C. 'Project 20' films in which old photographs and prints are the raw material cunningly worked on by the camera to produce a liveliness—almost another dimension—that is vastly entertaining. Gary Cooper spoke the amusingly debunking commentary which blew the gaff on most of the heroes and heroines of the television Westerns and indeed on the whole mythology of the Wild West concocted in Hollywood. Five nights later we watched the B.B.C.'s tribute to Cooper himself who had so ably and charmingly contributed to the mythology.

'The Growing Child' in the 'Eye on Research' series (May 10) needed pictures, too, to demonstrate more vividly than words could the growth rates in boys and girls at different periods. Most parents will have learnt from this programme something they did not know before about children growing up physically, and that is sufficient justification for it. But what is the ultimate value of the knowledge gained by such painstaking research as we saw? To what uses can it be applied? Presumably there is more in it than the ability to tell a moppet of nine that she will be tall enough for the ballet by the time she is seventeen.

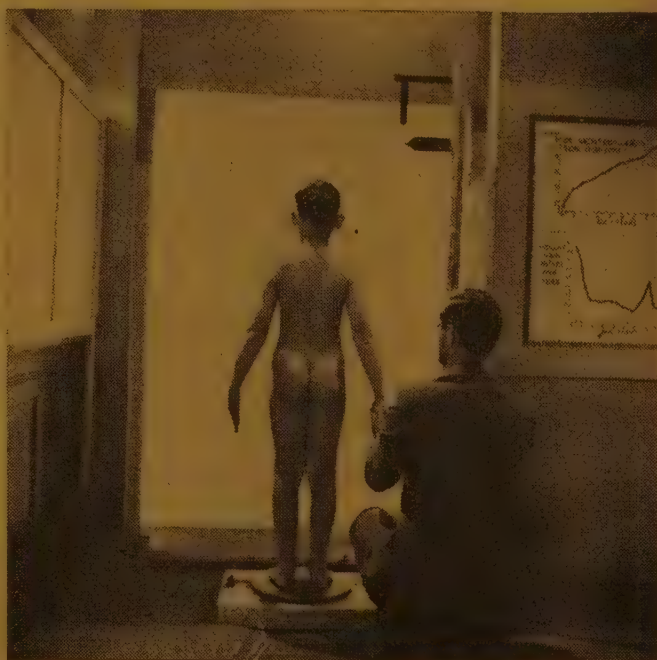
PETER POUND

DRAMA

Drop in Pressure

A SENSE OF LASSITUDE prevails in drama these days. Perhaps it is always like this as the roses glow into blossom and the summer evenings swell in majesty. But it is as a critic that I now notice this drop in pressure for the first time. As if to fit in with the holiday spirit, more musical soirées are held. *Soft Lights and Sweet Music* on Wednesdays, *Mantovani* on Fridays, and *Ask Anne* on alternate Sundays.

Ask Anne, which is about as disastrous a title as you could possibly wish for, what-



'The Growing Child': Dr. James Tanner of the Institute of Child Health posing a child before taking one in a series of six-monthly photographs designed to record exactly the child's growth. This is the fourth in the present series 'Eye on Research'

(May 10). I thought this was one of the most effective of these propaganda programmes I had seen lately. Of course, Mr. Mayhew had written his piece and learnt it by heart, an easier job than speaking extempore. It seemed bad luck for a well-known advertising agency to have its offices flashed on to the screen as an example



From the N.B.C. documentary film 'The Real West': left, a North American Indian; right, one of the original white settlers

John Cura

ver its accuracy, is really a kind of musical variety programme. This style has been crossed with the technique of outside broadcast actuality. An interviewer, Patrick Feeny, interrogates The People—butcher, ferry boat skipper, *sake* maker—and in return allows them to choose a piece of music. This is then played on the programme or sung by Anne Shelton. It is, in fact, a visual version of the long-running light programme disc request show, *Down Your Way*.

And, as occasionally happens, the result is quite considerably better than might be expected, and infinitely to be preferred to its Box and Cox stable mate, *Be My Guest*, with Joan Regan. The guest artists are varied. Jolynn Dankworth, Owen Brannigan, and G. H. Elliott have appeared to date.

Last Sunday's programme was particularly exciting because of the appearance of the 'Chocolate-coloured Coon' himself. His is a type of variety act that has disappeared entirely except for the work of one or two old-timers who still make occasional guest appearances. Full of life though it was, redolent of the music-hall stage of a lustier age, it must be owned that it adapted ill into television. It was both too vital and yet not alive enough, as though the act and the song were being created, in some documentary devoted to the period, to illustrate the truth rather than the fact. Perhaps, though, this is as close as we can get to the authentic thrill of this famous lost world of entertainment.

Lost as well is the Glasgow Orpheus Choir. So when a viewer asked to hear this disbanded choir the producer, Bryan Sears, did not shirk but sensibly played a recording and displayed a photograph of the famous choir. This is to be preferred to the more usual substitution of an item nobody may want.

A similar kind of common sense struck the drama department last week when they used up, on May 8, *Ladies from a Spa* by John Elliot, which had previously been scheduled in the *They Came to a City* series. I presume that this was the missing sixth episode. I am at a loss to understand why it was not screened. It was infinitely better than several shown, and it dealt strongly in an unashamedly theatrical manner with a problem that besets many and could at any time strike at each one of us. The core was the stultification of a daughter's personality through the domination of her invalid mother.



Scene from *Ladies from a Spa* with (left to right) Avril Elgar as Celia Livingstone, Robert Gillespie as Harry Jordan, and Nan Marriott-Watson as Mrs. Livingstone

Mr. Elliot reinforced the poignancy of the situation by making the mother despise the daughter who acted entirely from motives of love and pity. The jungle of life in which toleration is answered by acquisition has rarely been better illustrated so movingly and sharply. As the calculating lizard-eyed mother, Nan Marriott-Watson was formidable and horribly true, while the daughter of Avril Elgar was a trembling doe of a creature.

Roll on the Boat by John Green (May 11) was a contrived essay on the question of colour bar in the Royal Navy. More drama emerged from the recent fracas of the South Africa bound aircraft-carrier than from the case here of the misunderstood coal black taffy foisted on to a segregated Navy in Singapore. A certain rough fun was induced from the mixed bunch of matelots bivouacked together, far from wives and sweethearts, whose solace was swigging beer and having a roll with the local (black) girls at six bob a go.

The weakest part of this drama was the constant use of the same type of incident to provoke the good-time hookey, played with smug strength by John Turner, into some aggression which would lose him his stripe. The contrivance here was neither inventive nor convincing, and when the fight occurred, in itself absurdly unrealistic, more contrivance was needed at the last moment to divert the hand of justice, the fear of which had been the motivation of the whole play.

The week ended on a gracefully accomplished note with Clemence Dane, in her *Marriage Lines* (Sunday), playing variations on the theme of constancy and inconstancy in marriage. She was at pains almost to stress that marriage — successful marriage, that is—is not a state of which either party is constantly aware. Acceptance of this fact gives it a strength that those outside the union must fail to appreciate. It is here that Miss Dane brought in her 'other woman', whose past was nothing but a series of 'legalized affairs'. The interloper knows all the moves in seduction, which were played by Petra Davies

with some subtlety in which a quality of pathos was apparent. She managed to attract the attention of the business man who was so immersed in his work that he scarcely knew whether he was signing a publishing or a marriage contract.

It is a pity that despite Miss Dane's sure touch, which was never more apparent than in the delicately humorous scene when the publisher disclosed to his wife (a warm and happy performance by Ann Castle) that he was to be knighted, the resolving of the conflict required out-of-key behaviour from the two women. As the husband, Stephen Murray held the balance faultlessly between the testy man of business and the all-too-human male. Alan Bromly's production matched the playing in its glitter and assurance, though, as almost always is the case, the scenes in the restaurants lacked reality.

ANTHONY COOKMAN, JNR.

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Results of Fidelity

THE WORDS 'New, Improved' in advertisements automatically provoke me to incredulity; and I do not expect technological advances to add glory to art. But when I acquired a high fidelity receiver some time ago I had the kind of shock that stimulates the writing of testimonials. The sound is so clean and right that one is forced to wonder that ears could have tolerated the crude and interrupted noises produced by the ancient sets most of us use. Since then I have used no other.

This advance in reception has led to even more anxious care at the production end. Technically, of course, this has always been remarkable. The preservation of 'quality', the matching and variation of acoustics have had loving care and much ingenuity spent on them. Studio visitors have long been impressed by the impersonation of background street noises achieved by playing that Niagara Falls record backwards. They have also wondered why anyone bothered. Even producers with the faith that the intellectual or emotional content of a play or a feature is paramount have doubted that anyone would notice their refinements of technique.

But it is not a choice between hearing a great play that is rough round the edges, or a neatly smoothed-out nothing. With good reception, clumsy background, intrusive music, or poor effects distract as violently as bad lighting or an ugly backcloth in the theatre. We have been spoiled and would like this to continue.

From the first snatch of blackbird song in *The Fair in the Park* by Colin Finbow (Home, May 8), I enjoyed the sound painting conducted by Archie Campbell. The play was called 'a summer evening' and the material of blared song, roundabout organs, hooters, and loud-speaker-assisted spellers could well have been very raw indeed. But it was handled with so much skill that while the harsh roars of distorted sound were realistic enough for any listener, the collage of noise and screams did not prevent a delicate job of story-telling from being done.

Colin Finbow had written an accomplished town pastoral with plenty of boors carousing to surround his simple and unlucky lovers. The star-crossed couple suffered from the 11-plus, the barrier between a factory hand and a girl



Ann Castle (left) as Virgilia Pilgrim and Petra Davies as Lysette Egerton in *Marriage Lines*

with car-owning parents, the effects of loneliness and an ugly society. But their hesitant recognition of each other had lyrical quality. And the vulgar multitude was properly vulgar and liked it. The shy Bern'e (Nicholas Edmett) and his hopeless love Sally (Judi Dench) were touching without gross sentimentality, and the hunting couples with second-hand toughness and 'romanticism' backed them up very well. Ribaldry in the mermaid's tent and idiot chat about films and hair-dyes were equally well managed.

Orbit One Zero (Home, May 12) by Peter Elliott Hayes had reached its fourth instalment without my paying attention. It is a thoroughly intelligent piece of science fiction, reasonably alarming but having humour as well. Its scientists, for example, do not look up to the Minister of Science with natural piety. Produced by David Davis for the young, it deserves repeating for adults who come home later than 5.15. The cylinders which have been landing on our earth clearly need careful watching, and though I shall be rather disappointed if one of them is allowed to kidnap a girl laboratory worker to a dark spot in the solar system, it will plainly have been done as logically as possible.

A worthy piece about McCarthyism, *So Help Me God* (Home, May 13), was originally a novel by Felix Jackson, and did not turn into much of a play. We are beginning to forget how grave was the threat to liberty in the United States, so the theme was welcome. But the plot had distracting holes in it. The notion of an innocent man tricking the 'investigators' into denouncing him had the *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town* quality, and could have been a good myth. But the neurosis of his best friend was a bore and the affection of his friend's wife mostly irrelevant. It seemed odd that the play should run ten minutes short when we were still uncertain about the missing best friend and a crucial slab of evidence concerning a typewriter was still unexplained. The dramatic music was very dramatic indeed.

Golden Wedding by Joe Corrie (Home, May 13) had its moments of genuine comedy and was well acted, but the ruralness went too far. The corn was too thick.

FREDERICK LAWS

THE SPOKEN WORD



THE TALKS DEPARTMENT had first innings in last week's match; and I must record that they scored pretty highly. It was a fine idea to collect four Nobel prizewinners to discuss the future of science; and 'To Speculate Shrewdly' (Home Service, May 7) was a lucid, enthusiastic, round-table talk which threw out topics for a dozen further discussions. How important is prestige to science? How far will science help a new renaissance of the arts? I could hear a good deal more on both subjects. Meanwhile I am grateful for this programme (though I wish it had been better edited, and not left us abruptly in mid-air).

Since good talks, like so many other things, come in battalions, there was another one on the Third Programme that evening. Mr. Thistlethwaite's reflections on 'The Heritage of Civil War' made a fascinating study of the dichotomy in American life, of a historically split nationality. Here was a talk that was wise but not pedantic, and was also original, and pleasantly delivered. I hope we shall hear it again. Alas, one cannot say as much for the Tuesday talk. This week it was a topical talk on the Commonwealth forces who had died in Greece in two world wars. I was much disappointed in Sir

Compton Mackenzie's comments. He gave an impression of false sentimentality, of slightly theatrical emotions; and though no doubt the impression is wrong, I am bound to say that it was made.

It was appropriate that Home Service listeners had heard 'Survival' earlier that evening. The latest examination of 'The Way We Live Now' was a natural sequel to the recent Aldermaston documentary, and it was undoubtedly among the most sobering programmes I can remember. Mr. Francis Dillon had collected a good many strong observations from a good many thoughtful people in the Forces and the Church, in politics and outside it, for and against our keeping the nuclear bomb. The cumulative effect was both depressing and stimulating, but the most eloquent part of the programme was, to me, the simple opening statement by a scientist of what would happen if one bomb hit Charing Cross.

This programme was forward-looking; the next on my list looked back, for Mr. Rayner Heppenstall is in reminiscent mood. Only in January he began his trilogy, 'The Generations', a series of imaginary conversations on our changing attitudes and beliefs; and on May 11 (Third Programme) he gave us a kind of postscript called 'Redbrick Revisited'. This was a fairly free account of his return to his old university to lecture to a society he had founded; and when the Traveller and his Younger Self met on the train to Leeds, the feeling of time remembered, time changed, and time compared grew very strong. True, the Traveller had been disillusioned; he had been forced to compromise, he had not achieved what the Younger Self had mapped out for him. But since experience does not always make us wise, and since we tend to repeat our personal pattern, one could predict the end of this sentimental journey. We knew that the Traveller would come home determined to send his son to Redbrick. For all Mr. Heppenstall's explosive theories about fourfold traditions in literature, here at least he remains conservative.

Talking of psychological patterns, what makes an accomplished man use his accomplishments for nefarious purposes? It is a fascinating speculation; and the more remarkable his triumph, the higher (so to speak) the culprit reaches, the more the speculation fascinates. Students of psychology will find a good deal to ponder in the series 'Fakes, Frauds and Forgeries', but I doubt whether any villain to come will give better value than Thomas J. Wise in 'The Case of the Kernless "f"' (Home Service, May 11). Well, perhaps, as G.B.S. observed in a charitable moment, Wise 'didn't forge first editions, he invented imaginary ones'. But his invention was admirably ingenious: he showed not only the expertise of the bibliophile, but a flair for inventing plausible literary anecdotes, for mixing the right proportion of truth with his deception; and the two bibliophiles who tracked him down, who detected each blade of esparto grass in his paper, each tilted question-mark in his text, would have earned the approval of Holmes. I wanted to hear more about the part played by that eminent Keatsian, Buxton Forman: a somewhat unexpected Jekyll-and-Hyde.

I was not at all happy about the sound effects, which seemed to me an irritating gimmick. But these are small points; for the rest, I was held by the story of the oil merchant's clerk who had so much in common with Van Meegeren and compensated himself for his social inadequacy with a prolonged and outstanding hoax and the prospect of laughter in heaven. This was really first-class Home Service stuff.

JOANNA RICHARDSON

MUSIC

Verdi's 'Falstaff'



THE PRINCIPAL musical event in a not very eventful week was the broadcast from Covent Garden (Third Programme, May 12) of Verdi's *Falstaff*. The opera had not been given in this theatre since 1950, when Victor de Sabata conducted it with artists from La Scala, Milan. Last week it was again in the hands of a distinguished Italian conductor, Carlo Maria Giulini, and a mixed cast of British and Italian singers among whom Geraint Evans, in the part of Sir John, was outstanding. Vocally his performance was so rich and so expressive that one had no difficulty in visualizing his impersonation of Shakespeare's tragi-comic buffoon who manages somehow to preserve a certain dignity in even the most humiliating situations. Particularly impressive, I thought, was the way in which Mr. Evans sang the 'Mondo rubaldo reo mondo' soliloquy at the beginning of the third act when Falstaff, after his immersion in the Thames, is consoling himself with wine and meditating on the vicissitudes of life and the ways of this wicked world. Much on the same level of excellence was the Mistress Quickly of Regina Resnik, whose rich, fruity contralto, with its expressive undertones of exuberance and guile, conjured up a picture of a redoubtable female with many of Sir John's own characteristics. Of the other women, I thought Mirella Freni, as Nanetta, was the best, and her charming voice blended well with that of Luigi Alva, as Fenton, in their love duets.

Musically the whole performance was on a consistently high level, the elaborate vocal ensembles in particular being well done and never sounding blurred or confused however fast the tempo. While keeping everything moving at a fair pace, Giulini allowed no detail in the marvellous orchestral score to be obscured, so that the performance was particularly satisfying to listen to.

I had intended to tune in to the broadcast from La Scala in Milan of *Beatrice di Tenda* with Joan Sutherland in the title role, but a last-minute alteration in the date of this performance prevented me from doing so. However, the week had other things to offer, and I was able to listen to several worth-while broadcasts. Bartók's great *Concerto for two pianos and percussion* attracted my attention in a 'Music to Remember' programme (Home Service, May 9) and I heard a very good all-round performance of it with Joan and Valerie Trimble as the soloists and the B.B.C. Scottish Orchestra, conducted by Norman Del Mar; it was broadcast from the B.B.C. studios in Glasgow. Unfortunately, the presentation, which is a feature of this series, left much to be desired and did nothing to help the programme, which also included the *Queen Mab* Scherzo and the *Enigma* Variations. To have played the Bartók work at all was most creditable as, although it is one of the composer's finest works and a peak in the higher ranges of twentieth-century music, it is all too seldom performed—largely, no doubt, because it calls for more careful preparation and rehearsals than can usually be accorded to a single work.

The honours of the Thursday Invitation Concert (Third Programme, May 11) were equally divided between Mozart and three contemporary British composers, Walton, Britten, and Tippett. The latter was represented by his cantata *Boyhood's End*, and Britten and Walton respectively by their song-cycles for tenor and guitar—*Songs from the Chinese* and *Anon in Love*. Alexander Young sang these with great feeling, though at times in a style which I felt to be rather too 'operatic' and emphatic and not intimate enough, especially in the Chinese and



A Welsh Coxswain

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This was Patrick O'Donovan writing
in The Observer last February, over
two months before the invasion of
Cuba. He went there at the beginning
of this year and wrote three articles
about the island's mood that even
today give a deeply revealing insight
into the character and ideas of the
men in power.

If you saw O'Donovan's articles,
neither the fact of invasion nor its
failure came as a surprise to you. And
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Khrushchev and Mao

Sometimes this can have spectacular
results. As for instance when Edward
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exchanges between the two leaders.

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as being of diplomatic importance. It
was taken up and broadcast right
across the Western world.

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exclusively in Britain the tremendous
exchanges between Khrushchev and
Walter Lippmann, America's leading
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nating document, and an important
revelation of Khrushchev's aims,
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So much for the recent past. What
and where next? I don't know; but I
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Elizabethan lyrics. John Williams touched his guitar to perfection and met the mood of both song-cycles very successfully. The Mozart works, played by the Amadeus Quartet with Mr. Cecil Aronowitz as second viola, were the Quintet in D (K.593) and what, it has been suggested, is Mozart's own arrangement for strings alone of the Clarinet Quintet in A—perfect, except for the absence of the clarinet. There was more Mozart in the concert of his works given by the London Mozart Players under their conduc-

tor Harry Blech (Third, May 14), including a little-known cantata *Davidde Penitente* which incorporates a good deal of the unfinished *Mass* in C minor with one or two additional numbers. This was sung by the B.B.C. Chorus, with Heather Harper and Elsie Morison, sopranos; John Mitchinson, tenor; and Joseph Rouleau, bass.

Among other things heard and deserving notice were Georges Alexandrovitch playing Scriabin Studies and Prokofiev's striking

Seventh Piano Sonata (Third, May 13) and, in the Light Programme the same evening, Clifford Curzon playing the 'Emperor' Concerto with the B.B.C. Concert Orchestra, conductor Vilem Tausky, in 'Saturday Concert Hall' before an invited audience in the studio. The orchestra also gave a very good account of Delius's *Song before Sunrise* and Sullivan's *Overture di Ballo* which is really excellent light music, with some good tunes expertly scored.

ROLLO H. MYERS

Handel's First London Opera

By WINTON DEAN

'Rinaldo' will be broadcast in the Third Programme at 7.30 p.m. on Saturday, May 20



RINALDO was the first and (in number of performances) the most successful of the thirty-six operas Handel wrote for London. When he first crossed the Channel late in 1710, as a young man of twenty-five, he was already an experienced, prolific, and successful composer. He had produced six operas (three of them now lost), all his Latin church music, nearly all the Italian cantatas, a German Passion, and two Italian oratorios. In Italy he had won the enthusiastic admiration not only of the most influential patrons up to the rank of Cardinal, but of the leading composers, Corelli and the two Scarlattis. And the conspicuous success of *Agrippina* at Venice in December 1709 had confirmed his vocation for the theatre.

The conditions he found in London could scarcely have been more propitious. The English aristocracy had acquired a taste for Italian opera, but not the wherewithal to satisfy it. The first of the species, *Arsinoe*, had been imported only five years earlier, and the later arrivals, though they included one opera by Alessandro Scarlatti, were mostly pasticcios and adaptations. Since the death of Purcell and Blow there was no Englishman capable of offering a challenge; and the many foreign musicians resident in London included no composer of even the second rank. The triumph of *Rinaldo* on February 24, 1711, cannot have been difficult to foresee.

Nothing was left to chance. Aaron Hill, dramatist, impresario, and later for many years a friend of Handel, was then managing the opera house in the Haymarket. He himself drafted the libretto and gave it to the theatre poet Giacomo Rossi to translate and versify. Its subject, the famous episode in Tasso's *Gerusalemme liberata*, is one of the most popular in operatic history, and has been set by countless composers, including Lully, Gluck, Haydn, Rossini, and Dvořák. It was an apt choice—how apt, Hill may not have fully appreciated, though he was a man of perception and taste, as he was to show twenty years later in urging Handel to create an English musical drama. Indeed his dedication of *Rinaldo* to Queen Anne expressed a hope 'to see the English Opera more splendid than her Mother, the Italian'. He spared no pains with the production, either musically or visually.

Although the action takes place in the Holy Land during the First Crusade and involves historical persons such as Godefroi de Bouillon (Goffredo), the plot is pure fantasy. Argante, the Paynim King of Jerusalem, falls in love with Almirena, daughter of Goffredo, who is betrothed to the knight Rinaldo. The sorceress Armida, deprived of the attentions of Argante, uses her supernatural powers to kidnap Almirena and imprison her in a magic garden. When Rinaldo comes in search of her, Armida falls in love with him; but her seductive wiles, though

reinforced by sorcery, are vain. The infidels, once more united, are defeated in battle by the Crusaders and (somewhat unconvincingly) converted to Christianity. The central situation, with the hero placed between the pure girl and the enchantress, recurs in later operas (notably *Alcina*) and never fails to inspire Handel, who characteristically endows the enchantress with the greatest music and the deepest sympathy.

Much of *Rinaldo*'s success was due to the spectacular element, which may indeed have dictated the choice of subject. Hill proposed 'at once to give Two Senses equal Pleasure', an aim certainly to the taste of the public. In Act I Armida enters 'in the Air, in a Chariot drawn by two huge Dragons, out of whose Mouths issue Fire and Smoke', and when she abducts Almirena 'a black Cloud descends, all fill'd with dreadful Monsters spitting Fire and Smoke on every side'. In Act II 'Mermaids are seen Dancing up and down in the Water' (in some performances the dancers were advertised by name), and Act III features waterfalls and a distant prospect of the city of Jerusalem. The most realistic detail was the release of live sparrows during the ritornello of Almirena's air 'Augelletti, che cantate'. According to *The Spectator*, they did not always confine themselves to the part set down for them, but escaped into the galleries and put out the candles; and Addison (a disappointed librettist) made play with pious fears of their soiling the heads of the audience.

Rossi apologized for signs of haste in the libretto on the ground that Handel, 'while composing the music, scarcely gave me the time to write, and to my great wonder I saw an entire Opera put to music by that surprising genius, with the greatest degree of perfection, in only two weeks'. Handel was always a rapid worker, but this feat is less astonishing than it sounds, since he put in his shop window a number of pieces that had already been applauded in Italy, sometimes with words and music scarcely changed. These borrowings include Almirena's two lovely airs 'Lascia ch'io pianga' (originally a dance of Asiatics in *Almira*) and 'Bel piacere' with its fascinating and irregular mixture of 3/8 and 2/4 rhythm, the haunting barcarolle of the sirens, and two of Argante's airs, one of them hot from the mouth of Polyphemus.

The score is something of a patchwork. It is radiant with the melodic genius and exuberant invention of Handel's youth and often prefigures later masterpieces, but many of the ideas are not fully developed. The one character to stir his imagination to the depths is Armida, whose music has a tragic grandeur prophetic of *Alcina*, especially in her first aria 'Furie terribile!' and the superb 'Ah! crudel, il pianto mio', a lament over her rejection by Rinaldo. The garden scene breathes that sensuous magic constantly released

in Handel by the mixture of sorcery and sex. Abandoned lovers are another sure stimulus, and the finest thing in Rinaldo's part is the profoundly moving 'Cara sposa' with its typical interlacing string parts, which follows the abduction of Almirena in Act I. This music has an emotional and technical mastery that would stand out in any company. There are many lesser attractions, including an exceptional number of instrumental symphonies, with contrasted marches for Paynims and Christians. In Act III the latter enjoy the support of four trumpets and drums, not only in the march and battle music, but in Rinaldo's bravura air 'Or la tromba', composed for the castrato Nicolini, which is unique in Handel's work. Other examples of instrumental virtuosity are the imitation of bird-song on flageolet and treble recorder ('planted behind the scenes', according to Addison) in 'Augelletti, che cantate', the rich solos for oboe, bassoon, cello and even double-bass in 'Ah! crudel', and the harpsichord obbligato in Armida's aria at the end of Act II, said to have been written down from Handel's improvisation.

The original cast of *Rinaldo* included three castrati; a fourth male part, Goffredo, was sung by a woman, and only Argante (bass) was lower than an alto. Armida, Almirena and Rinaldo were all sopranos. This concentration on high voices is reflected in the scoring. After 1717 Handel revived the opera only once, in 1731, when he made an egregious hash of it; all resources seem to have been concentrated on the staging (new scenery and costumes, and a week's intermission to prepare the machines) at the expense of the orchestra (one trumpet instead of four). Of the seven original parts, one was cut and five transposed for different voices. Rinaldo, Armida and Argante were all sung by altos (the last a woman) and Goffredo by a tenor; only Almirena retained her pitch, but some of her music was exchanged with Armida's, and many extraneous airs were introduced from other operas. Since this unhappy compromise, the only stage revival seems to have been at Halle in 1954.

Another thirteen volumes have been published in the Methuen series of University Paperbacks: *The Wealth of Nations* by Adam Smith, edited in two volumes by Edwin Cannan (15s. each); *A Modern Elementary Logic* by L. Susan Stebbing (7s. 6d.); *Survey of Russian History* by B. H. Sumner (12s. 6d.); *The Last Romantics* by Graham Hough (12s. 6d.); *Western Political Thought* by John Bowle (12s. 6d.); *Introduction to Astronomy* by C. Payne-Gaposchkin (16s.); *An Economic History of the British Isles* by Arthur Birnie (12s. 6d.); *The Common People* by G. D. H. Cole and Raymond Postgate (12s. 6d.); *A History of Ireland* by Edmund Curtis (12s. 6d.); *An Introduction to Ethics* by William Lillie (7s. 6d.); *Elements of Metaphysics* by A. E. Taylor (12s. 6d.); and *Mathematics of Engineering Systems* by Derek F. Lawden (12s. 6d.)



Common Tomato Troubles

By ARTHUR BILLITT

IN GROWING TOMATOES either in a heated or unheated greenhouse it is important to purchase good seed or sturdy plants, then by careful management of temperature, ventilation, feeding and watering ensure that the plants have the best conditions.

John Innes Seedling Compost should always be prepared with sterilized loam. If we use unsterilized loam or soil, tomato seedlings may be attacked by soil fungi at soil level. This causes them to fall over and die, a condition known as damping off. Cheshunt Compound, made up as a solution in water and used as directed, will prevent damping off and do much to stop the spread once an outbreak has started.

Tomato leaf mould is probably the most common disease especially in unheated houses. It appears towards the end of May or early June, first as small greyish spots on the underside of the leaves. These rapidly enlarge into big brown velvety patches. This condition spreads rapidly and can be devastating. A good air circulation is the best preventive treatment. This reduces the humidity, a contributory factor especially during spells of dull weather. In limited outbreaks dusting with sulphur dust will help to keep the disease in check. In houses

where leaf mould occurs regularly it is advisable to fumigate with sulphur during the winter when the house is empty.

The ring culture method of growing tomatoes eliminates the soil problems and it is for this



reason that it has become so popular, but for those who still prefer to grow their plants in beds, verticillium wilt and root knot eelworm can become serious problems. Sudden wilting after a warm, dry day is often the first sign of

verticillium. To prevent it spreading it is wise to remove the affected plant carefully, complete with roots and soil, then if possible burn the lot. Whatever the success, before next season either sterilize the soil thoroughly or start again with new soil in beds.

Tomato root knot eelworm can be introduced into a house by bought-in plants and once established it builds up rapidly. The roots swell into gall-like growths which replace the usual white feeding roots; the leaves turn a yellowish-green before wilting, which is again more noticeable during warm spells. Thorough steam or chemical sterilization of the soil is necessary, or replacement of the soil before growing another crop of tomatoes.

Blossom end rot is a common trouble. It is not a disease. Affected fruit develop brownish, sunken patches at the blossom end. The most common cause is a shortage of water at a critical growing stage. To avoid this, never allow the plants to go really short of water after the formation of the first truss of fruit.

Insect pests such as greenfly, whitefly, red spider, and caterpillars do sometimes attack tomatoes, but prompt action with appropriate insecticide will control them.

—From 'Gardening Club' (Television)

Inter-Regional Bridge Competition—IX

By HAROLD FRANKLIN and TERENCE REESE



THE FINALISTS in the Northern area of the inter-regional competition were Lancashire and Lincolnshire, and in last Sunday's broadcast Lancashire were represented by Mr. G. G. Endicott and Mr. P. E. Morley, and Lincolnshire by Mr. J. Brown and Mr. J. M. Woodhouse.

The first part of the programme was concerned with a problem in play.

WEST	EAST
♠ 4 2	♠ K 9
♥ A K J 8 6	♥ Q 9 7 5 4
♦ 6 5 3	♦ A Q 10 2
♣ A K 5	♣ 10 8

West was to play in Four Hearts against the opening lead of the jack of spades.

The two Lincolnshire players received consolation awards for their solutions, which were to cover the spade and subsequently eliminate the trumps and black suits before leading a diamond towards the A Q 10 x. The problem is concerned with avoiding two diamond losers when the two outstanding diamond honours are with South. The solution offered overlooked the possibility of South winning the first spade and returning a low spade to his partner's ten: North could then lead a diamond, and if both honours were wrong it would be impossible to effect a successful elimination.

The best answer, which was provided by Mr. Morley for Lancashire, is to refuse to cover the

jack of spades. North's most embarrassing continuation would be a diamond, and dummy's ace would be played. The outstanding trumps would then be drawn, followed by two top clubs and a club ruff. A second spade would throw the lead to South, clearly marked with the ace after the opening lead. If he played a black card West would be able to trump on the table and discard a diamond from hand: if South played a diamond he would limit the declarer's losses in that suit to one trick.

Lancashire led by one point after the play problem and in the second part of the programme Lincolnshire levelled the scores, so that all depended on the bidding of these hands:

WEST	EAST
♠ Q 4	♠ A 5 3
♥ A	♥ K 8 6 5 4 2
♦ K Q 6	♦ A 9 2
♣ A Q J 10 8 6 4	♣ 5

West was the dealer with both sides vulnerable and the Lancashire pair, after a series of manufactured bids, found an insecure resting place.

WEST	EAST
1 C	1 H
2 D	2 S
4 C	4 H
No Bid	

Against a spade lead there could be many problems in this contract, with every chance of

losing two spades and two hearts or one spade and three hearts. Four Hearts therefore scored only four out of ten. The Lincolnshire pair reached the optimum contract of Six Clubs. Their sequence, using the Vienna system, was:

WEST	EAST
1 N.T.	2 H
3 C	3 N.T.
4 N.T.	5 S
6 C	No Bid

The opening call of One No Trump was a conventional bid, showing a hand of considerable strength. The Two Heart response promised a heart suit and no less than a trick and a half in high cards. East's subsequent bid of Three No Trumps promised no additional high cards, and in the circumstances it was courageous of West to pursue his slam inquiry. The Four No Trump bid was the Norman convention and, by their methods, a Five Diamond response would have shown one and a half honour tricks, the guaranteed minimum, and for each additional half honour trick the response is stepped up. It seems, therefore, that if East had had no more than his minimum requirements the partnership would have been out of its depth. The result of West's enterprise however proved quite admirable, and Lincolnshire progressed to the final pool with a score of 28 points, against 22 by their Lancashire opponents.

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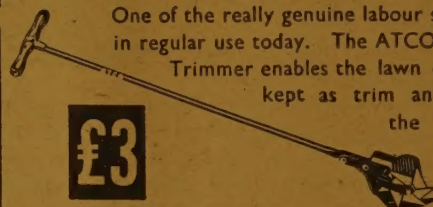
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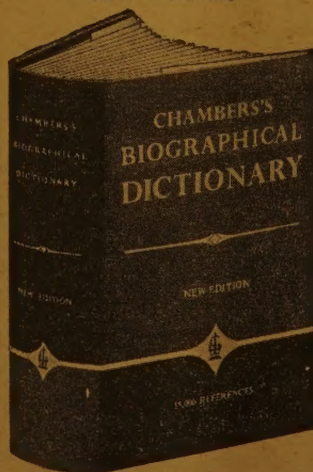
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IN THE KITCHEN



Apple and Banana Whip

THE INGREDIENTS for eight portions are:

- 1 large block of ice cream (about 1s. 6d. size)
3 apples; 2 firm bananas
2 egg whites; 3 oz. of castor sugar
chopped nuts for decorating (if desired)

Whisk the egg whites until very stiff. Allow the ice cream to soften a little. Grate the apples, cover with sugar, and mix well. Mash the bananas finely and fold into the stiffly beaten egg whites. Chop up the ice cream and gradually beat into the fruit and egg white mixtures. When all the ingredients have been mixed together, whisk well. Put in a cool place (the refrigerator if possible) for some time. Decorate with chopped nuts or cherries (if desired) or leave plain.

This sweet has the appearance of coffee ice cream when it has stood a little while. It tastes best if used on the day of making. It can be carried for picnics if thoroughly chilled before putting into a large bowl or wide-topped vacuum flask.

GWENDOLINE HOUNSLOW
—B.B.C. Television Cookery Club

Wiener Schnitzel

To make this dish for two people you will need:

- 8 oz. of best cut of veal (4 oz. per person)
1 large egg (or two small eggs)
2 dessertspoons of oil; 1 oz. of flour
a pinch of salt; 2 tablespoons of milk
a dish of flour dip
a dish of dry breadcrumb dip
½ lb. of lard

Beat out the veal until very thin, remembering to wet the beater to avoid sticking. Trim the edges to make a round shape, then nick the

edges with the point of a knife to prevent them curling up.

Beat the egg and oil until it emulsifies. Add the salt and flour and beat until smooth. Slowly add the milk and mix to a creamy consistency. Sprinkle a little salt on the veal, dip well in the flour and shake off surplus; then dip in the beaten egg mixture, making sure the veal is covered all over. Lastly, dip into the breadcrumb crumbs with a light hand. Make sure the whole is covered by patting it lightly.

Heat the lard in a frying pan until very hot. Carefully place the schnitzel in without splashing. Cook for two or three minutes, then turn and cook the other side for a further few minutes

until golden brown and crisp. Remove from the pan on to absorbent kitchen paper, so that all the fat is drained off. Place on an oval dish with slices of lemon, and serve with Viennese potatoes or potato salad.

To make the Viennese potatoes take:

- ½ lb. of potatoes boiled in their jackets
2 oz. of onions cut in semi-rings
a pinch each of salt, black pepper, paprika, and chopped parsley
1 oz. of bacon dripping or lard

Heat the fat in a frying pan, while the lard for the schnitzels is heating. Toss in the onions and lower the heat. Peel the skins off the potatoes and crush unevenly. Place the potatoes into the pan and raise the heat. Add salt, pepper, and paprika and fry until well browned. Sprinkle with parsley and serve piping hot.

VICTOR SASSIE
—B.B.C. Television Cookery Club

Notes on Contributors

EUGENE V. ROSTOW (page 859): Professor of Law and Dean of the Law School, Yale University; author of *Planning for Freedom*
QUENTIN BELL (page 867): Head of the Department of Fine Art, Leeds University; author of *On Human Finery*, etc.

HERBERT BUTTERFIELD (page 873): Vice-Chancellor, Cambridge University, and Professor of Modern History; author of *The Whig Interpretation of History*, *George III and the Historians*, etc.

MAX BELOFF (page 885): Gladstone Professor of Government and Public Administration, Oxford University

F. L. LUCAS (page 886): Reader in English, Cambridge University; author of *Crabbe, The Greatest Problem*, and other essays, etc.

HON. C. M. WOODHOUSE, D.S.O., M.P. (page 889): M.P. (Conservative) for Oxford; in command of Allied Mission to Greek Guerrillas in German-occupied Greece,

1943; author of *Apple of Discord*, etc.

DOUGLAS PARMÉE (page 889): Lecturer in French, Cambridge University

R. FURNEAUX JORDAN (page 890): Professor of Architecture, Leeds University

IDRIS PARRY (page 890): Lecturer in German, University College of North Wales

T. R. HENN, C.B.E. (page 891): President of St. Catharine's College, Cambridge University, and Lecturer in Poetry and Drama; author of *The Harvest of Tragedy*, etc.

LEONARD SCHAPIRO (page 893): Reader in Russian Government and Politics, London University

JOHN MORRIS (page 894): member, 1922 and 1936 Mount Everest Expeditions; author of *The Phoenix Cup*, *Hired to Kill*, etc.

K. B. MCFARLANE (page 897): Lecturer in Modern History, Oxford University

ARTHUR BILLITT (page 905): Head of Lenton Experimental Station, Nottinghamshire

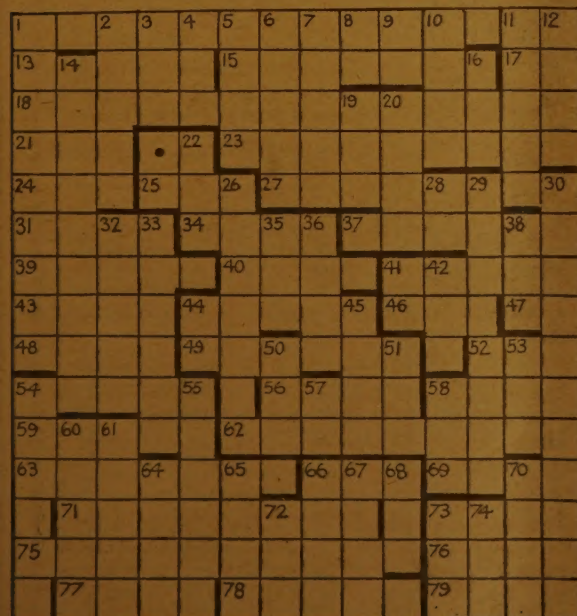
Crossword No. 1,616.

Bird's Eye.

By Babs

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, May 25. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crossword the Editor's decision is final



(Specimen page from 'The 1A (14)'s 40A (4) 41A (5).)

THE DWARF HIGH-BROWED 50D (3), 9D (2) 7D (5) 75A (10) 76A (4).

One of the 31A (4) common birds, but of 36U (4) distribution; hence its motto: 3U-42U (6).

Diet: various. Pineapple fibre, 10D (4), 47A (2) S. America; seaweed, 39A (5), in the Channel Islands; intoxicant 66D (4) nuts in W. Africa; 60D (5) berries in rural Britain; spaghetti, consumed 29D (8), 17R (2) Italian 26D (7); 51D (3), 51D (3). A 37A (6) feeder.

Appearance: beak retroussée, 18A (14); nostrils 30D (11); absence of feathers also in bald patches, 15A (7), on the 48A (4) tail; protuberances at the throat, like a 55D (6), and the 34A (4) of the 65D (4), or 2D (5). 46R (3); 73A (4), with a red 11D (5) on each 68D (3).

Voice: 28U (2) has the 50D (3)'s usual Tu-56A (4). Like the New Zealand 65A (3), it can 8U-57D (4), parrot-like, the 74D (3) of 77R (4) 9D (2) the 52A (3) of cows. It will also 14D (9) '25A (3) 25A (3) '44D (2) nauscam, and 73D (3) with a long 'ce', or 24A (3), 44D (2) 72U (3). Did this 43A (4) its middle name, by a sort of 22D (3)? It may well 5D (4) 70D (4).

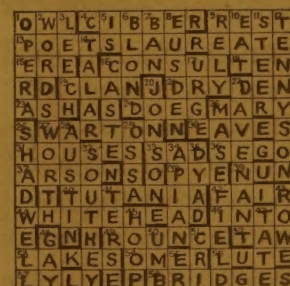
Habitat: unpredictable. Known to 5D (4) nested on 78R (5) downs and among 12D (4) 54D (6). 58A (4) Schmidt, in 21R (3) 'Birdman's 59A (5), says that he 64D (4) a specimen make its 44A (5) in one of the 20U (4) of an ornamental lamp-post on Plymouth 58D (3). We 1D (9), 27A (8) the right to disbelief, 6D (5) that this is on a 35D (3) with the tales of 33D (6) the sailor.

Habits: 45U (4), as an 50D (3). Companionable; hunts with the 13A (5) in S. America; fishes with the 32D (5) in India; 54R (5) about ecclesiastical

16D (3) with the 38D (3), or parson-bird, in New Zealand. There is also a curious association with the 71A (8) of S. Africa. (Riddle: why did the 50D (3) 61D (5) with the antelope?) and with the killer-whale or 53D (3), also 23A (9) to 41D (2). On a 67U (4) it is a 63A (7) 62A (9). Prefers to 79R (4) an 69R (4) life, content to 49A (6) in a 4U (3) and inflate its 19U (3).

N.B.—By a remarkable coincidence the fourteen unchecked letters can be arranged to form the name and distinctions of the eminent 1A, GRINDLETT, P.C., Q.C.

Solution of No. 1,614



NOTES

The seventeen Poets Laureate

Across: 1. Keats: 'St. Agnes' Eve'; 9. Res(oration); 16. Consul(ted); 19. Coleridge: 'Christabel', I; 24. Dryden: 'Absalom and Achitophel', II, 413; 25. Cowper: 'To Mary'; 30. 'Tempest' V, 16; 31. Swinburne: 'Atalanta in Calydon'; 33. 'As You Like It' IV, i, 8; 39. Wordsworth: 'Sonnet'; 40. A-in-a-tut rev.; 42. Housman: 'More Poems'; 53. Pope: 'Rape of the Lock' II; 56. Keats: 'Eve of St. Agnes' XXXIII; Down: 3. Wordsworth: 'Resolution and Independence'; 5. Fitzgerald: 'Omar Khayyam'; 6. B(ond); 7. 'Tempest' II; 10. 'Hamlet' III, i, 11. Swinburne: 'Proserpine'; 17. (S)-urge(oo); 29. 'Hamlet' V, i; 45. Pope: 'Rape of the Lock' II; 61. 'Hamlet' III.

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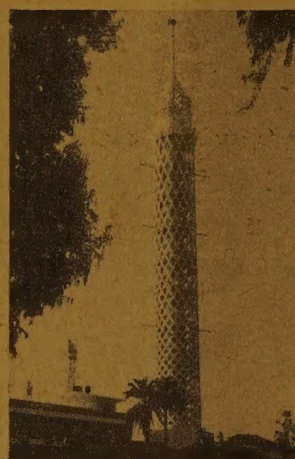
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